

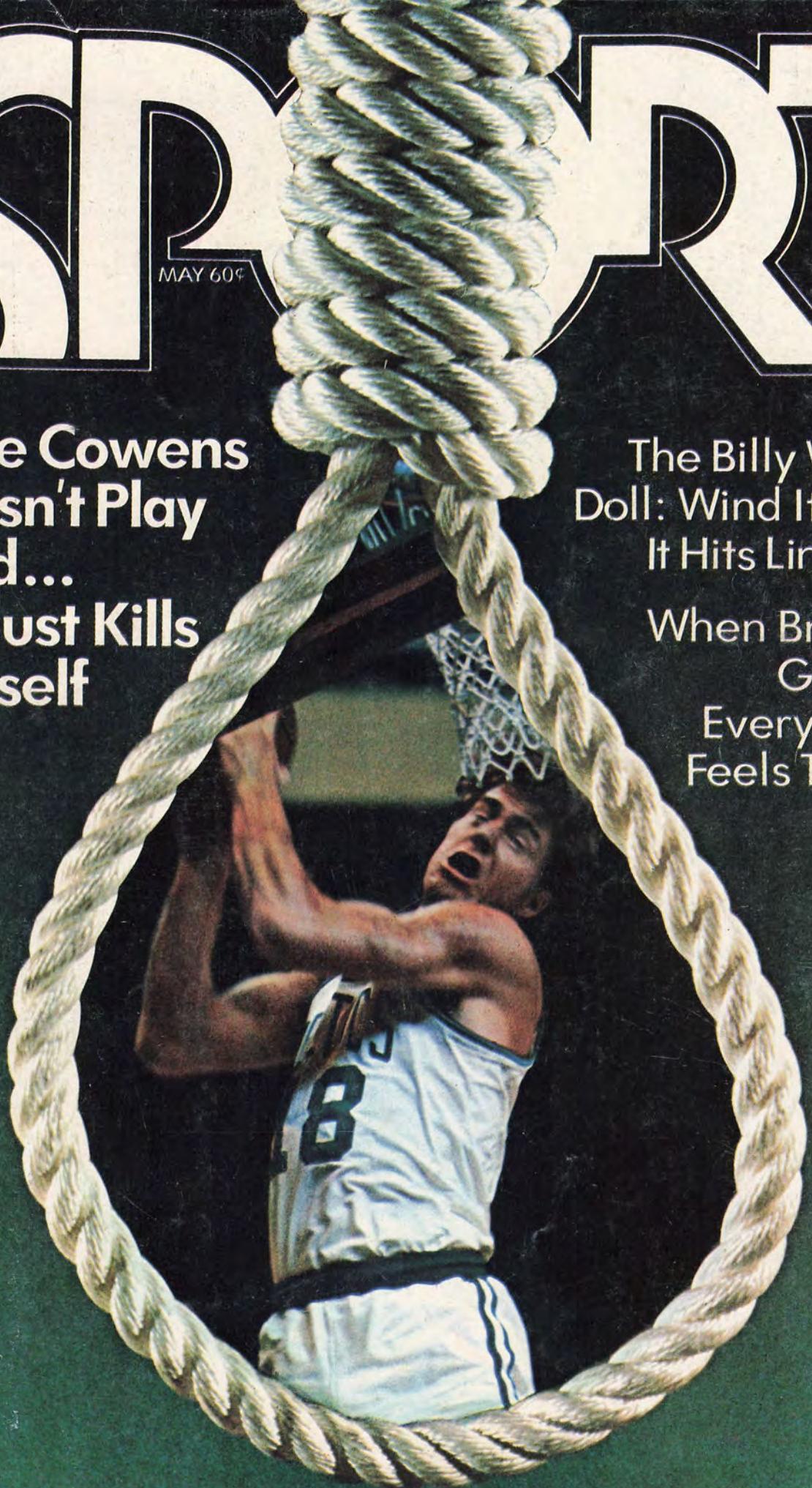
SPORTS

MAY 60¢

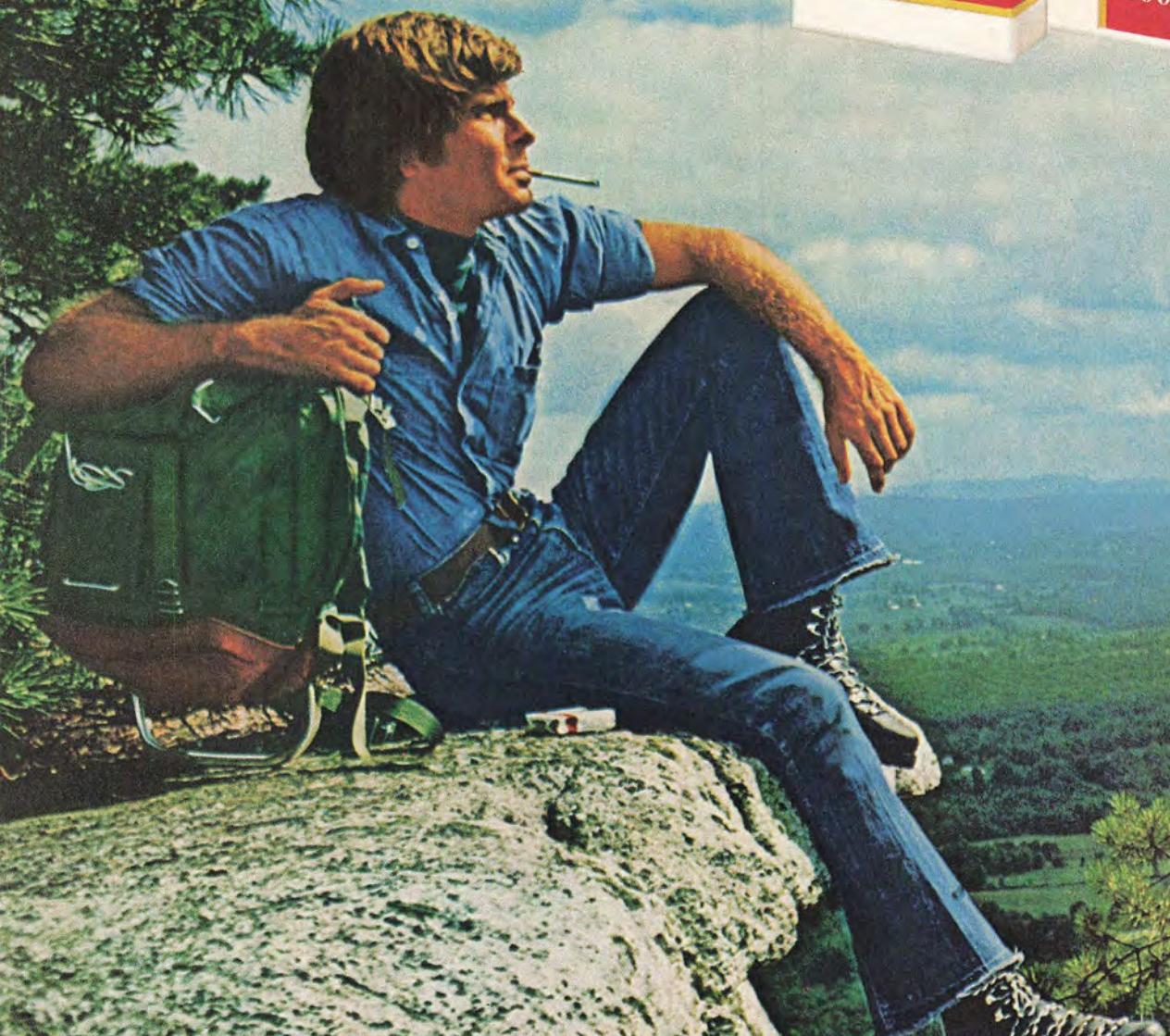
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**Dave Cowens
Doesn't Play
Hard...
He Just Kills
Himself**

The Billy Williams
Doll: Wind It Up And
It Hits Line Drives
When Brad Park
Gets Hurt,
Every Ranger
Feels The Pain



Get away from the crowd. Get the flavor you want in Old Gold Filters.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine.
100's: 25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

Jeep Introduces Automatic 4-Wheel Drive.

QUADRA-TRAC™—Someday all 4-wheel drive vehicles may have a system like it... Jeep Wagoneer has it now.



Here's how it works and what it does for you:



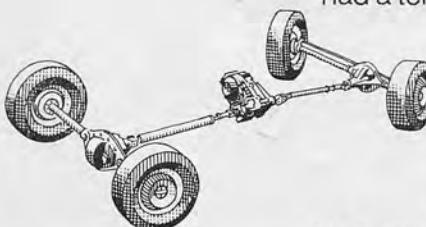
Quadra-Trac eliminates shift lever and front locking hubs.

Quadra-Trac is full-time automatic 4-wheel drive. There's no need to get out and lock in the front wheel hubs or even shift a lever... Quadra-Trac eliminates both. 4-wheel drive is automatically there when you need it—on or off the highway.



Quadra-Trac offers superior traction.

Under test conditions, two Jeep Wagoneers, one Quadra-Trac, one without, were asked to make an accelerating turn on a water-soaked road. The Wagoneer with Quadra-Trac remained in control, while the other vehicle had a tendency to fishtail.



Quadra-Trac works in a new way.

A third differential allows torque to be directed automatically to the wheels that have the best traction. If the wheels on one axle start to slip, as on ice or rough terrain, the wheels on the other axle automatically take over.

Quadra-Trac is one of the most advanced 4-wheel drive systems ever developed and it's available now on Jeep Wagoneer and Jeep Truck. If you want to know more about it, see your Jeep dealer. He's the 4-wheel drive expert.

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Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.

English Leather. The Heavy Duty Deodorant.

What do we mean by heavy duty?

Just this: A thick stick of deodorant laden with lots of our clean, fresh, long-lasting English Leather® scent.

With one application you get plenty of coverage and plenty of deodorant protection.

And it's your personal deodorant. Only you use it.

Which is another good reason why our English Leather stick deodorant lasts longer.

Try our Heavy Duty Stick Deodorant. It comes in a tough plastic container. Very convenient and safe for traveling.

All for a light price: \$1.25



SPORT

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COVER CREDIT

Dave Cowens PETER TRAVERS

Winchester pride and performance in modestly priced, semi-automatic 22 rim fire rifles



Model 190 with optional 4-power Weaver Scope



Model 290

**Winchester Proof-Steel barrels
... adjustable rear sights ...
high strength receivers grooved
for tip-off scope mounting**

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Both shoot 17 Longs or 15 Long Rifles. Both have coldformed Winchester Proof-Steel barrels and high strength receivers grooved for tip-off scope mounting. Adjustable rear sights. Bead post front sights. Cross-bolt safeties. And both feature bold pistol grip stocks and crisply styled forearms of walnut-finished American hardwood ... plus tough composition butt plate with white spacer.

The 290 is richly checkered on the pistol grip and forearm.

For bolt, slide and lever action enthusiasts, Winchester also produces a full line of modestly priced 22 rifles with Winchester quality features. Sporting arms with built-in strength and accuracy for all small bore sports.

But whatever action you prefer in a rim-fire, check out the Winchester models at your dealer. After you see how great they look and feel and handle, you'll be surprised at the price.

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**winchester
the way you
want it**

There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

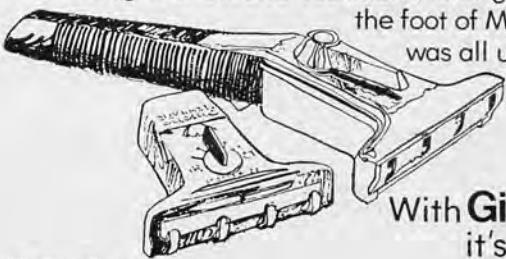
"Good-bye NICK"

My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me "Nick." There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda. "Nick," he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-rounder, instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."

On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Techmatic® razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave."

I bought a Gillette Techmatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there.



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick.

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SPORT



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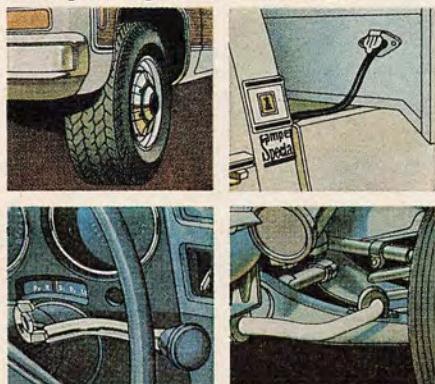
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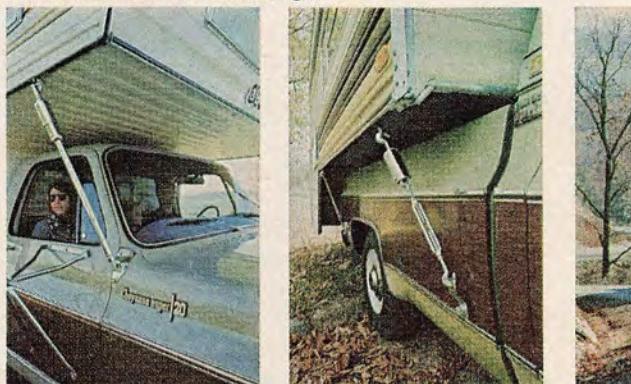
'73 Chevy pickup. The camper tamer.

Camper Special Package



On 3/4- and 1-ton Chevy pickups equipped with a 350 V8, larger tires, and Turbo Hydra-matic or 4-speed manual transmission, you can order the Camper Special equipment package that includes heavy-duty suspension, a camper wiring harness and front stabilizer.

Deluxe Camper Special Package (includes Camper Special Package)

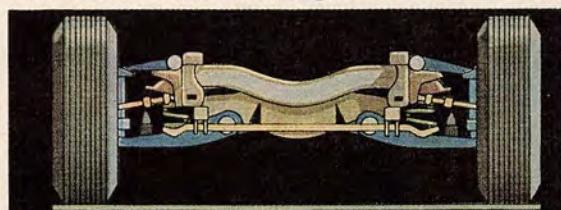


Elimipitch shock absorbers between the camper and front fenders and pickup box and rear of cab. They help steady the camper and reduce camper body surge.

Camper tie-downs are secured to frame-mounted brackets. Spring-loaded turnbuckles in front help control camper body flexing for improved ride and handling.

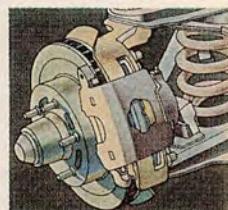
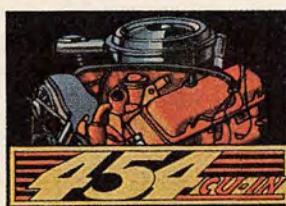
A stabilizer bar in the rear helps compensate for high camper loads. And that's the Deluxe Camper Special package, available to help make camping more enjoyable.

Chevrolet features engineered with campers in mind.



The '73's are the best riding and handling Chevy pickups ever. Because of a wider track, longer wheelbase, and improved Girder Beam front suspension.

You can order a 454-cu.-in. V8. That's power you'll appreciate in a pickup camper.



You'll appreciate Chevy's standard power front disc brakes, their rapid recovery from the effects of water and resistance to fade.



There's a quiet zone inside Cheyenne Super. Thick insulation muffles noise. Full foam seat for comfort and power flow-through ventilation standard. Air conditioning available.

Chevrolet



Series 20 Cheyenne Super pickup equipped with
available Deluxe Camper Special Package.

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SP 257

1973 Chevrolet Recreational Vehicle Buyer's Guide. 84 pages, most in full color. A beginner's guide to Chevrolet trailering vehicles, pickup campers and motor homes. An expert's handbook of specifications and recommendations.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

MAY

THIS MONTH IN SPORT



ROSALYN DREXLER

A new feature makes its debut this month in SPORT. It's a column called "A Woman's Touch," and each month a different woman will offer her viewpoint on some aspects of sport.

The first contributor is a woman named Rosalyn Drexler, whose credentials are stunning. She has won prizes and critical acclaim for her plays (*Home Movies*, for instance), her novels (*I Am the Beautiful Stranger*) and her paintings. She is married to a man named Sherman Drexler, who paints, teaches, goes to track meets and analyzes fighters, not necessarily in that order.

In addition, Ms. Drexler is a former professional wrestler. She wrestled under the name of Rosa Carlo, the Mexican Spitfire; you've probably forgotten her. Ms. Drexler's most recent novel—*To Smithereens*—focuses upon a woman wrestler. Her column for us focuses upon an ex-con fighter—Ron Lyle.

* * *

Our story about Terry O'Reilly of the Boston Bruins (page 58) was written by Martin Nolan, who works for The Boston Globe—as a syndicated political columnist.

Nolan is proof—as if any is needed—that politics and sports mix. On the eve of Election Day, 1972, while traveling with Senator George McGovern, Nolan was in an automobile accident. The result was a shattered radial bone in his left arm—and a trip to Dr. Carter Rowe of Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Rowe, who operated on Bobby Orr's knee last year, takes care of all the Bruins.

Nolan had to spend November at Massachusetts General undergoing physical therapy; for mental therapy, he watched the Bruins—on the ice at night and at Dr. Rowe's office during the day.

Since he left the hospital and returned to his Washington, D.C., base, Nolan has carefully planned his trips to Dr. Rowe to coincide with Bruin games. He likes the Bruins in the '73 Stanley Cup playoffs and Teddy Kennedy in the '76 Democratic primaries.

* * *

Speaking of injuries, we've got four titles in this issue that could have sprung straight from a medical journal: "Once Upon a Time, There Was a One-Armed Outfielder," "Nate Colbert Is Definitely Accident-Prone," "When Brad Park Gets Hurt, Every Ranger Feels the Pain" and "Dave Cowens Doesn't Play Hard . . . He Kills Himself." At the time we went to press, despite the implication of our titles, Colbert, Park and Cowens were all healthy. We hope they stay that way.

* * *

In our March issue, the department "Didn't You Used to Be . . ." took a look at Joe Page, the old relief pitcher. We were duped. The man who said he was Joe Page was an imposter. We were stunned by the revelation, but happy to hear that Joe is doing well out in western Pennsylvania. On page 38, a few words about the real Joe Page.

Dick Schoen

LETTERS TO SPORT

A SHOT AT SHALIT

I can tell Gene Shalit (Sport Talk, March) why Art Rooney didn't see the play which gave the Pittsburgh Steelers a playoff victory over the 49ers. It was because they were playing the Oakland Raiders!

Mike Sanders
Gettysburg, Pa.

UPGRADING THE QUIZ

For years, I have attempted the Sport Quiz, but time and time again I have failed. I have never even made the grade of "fair" (11-12).

I wish you would have the special quiz writers make the quiz easier.

Eugene Hristovsky
Whitestone, N.Y.

Ed. Don't feel bad. We're switching this months to a realistic grading. From now on, 8-10 is a "fair" grade. That's so some of our editors can pass the test.

SORRY, SOONERS

In the March Sport quiz, you asked which team had the longest unbeaten streak in major college football history, and the correct answer was listed as a Washington. I thought the University of Oklahoma had set the record in the 1950s. Did I miss something in the question?

Philip A. Rognier
Sunnyvale, Cal.

Ed. You didn't miss a thing. We missed —by a mile.

DOUBLE VISION

When I received the February issue of Sport, I was stunned to see Rick Barry on the cover. My friend bought the same issue, and Willis Reed was on the cover. Why do you have two different covers for the same magazine?

John C. Spice
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Ed. We do this occasionally to provide readers in different areas with their own favorites.

"Did I pick Allstate its low price? Nope. down-to-earth



This is Charles Chase.
He and his wife and two kids
live near Atlanta, Georgia.

life insurance for It was their attitude."

**Here's why we call Allstate
"The Young Man's Life Insurance."**

Policies are priced for the Young Man.

Here's how little you pay for our 10-year level term insurance—if you're 25, for example:

\$10,000	\$4.70 a month
\$15,000	\$6.10 a month
\$20,000	\$7.40 a month

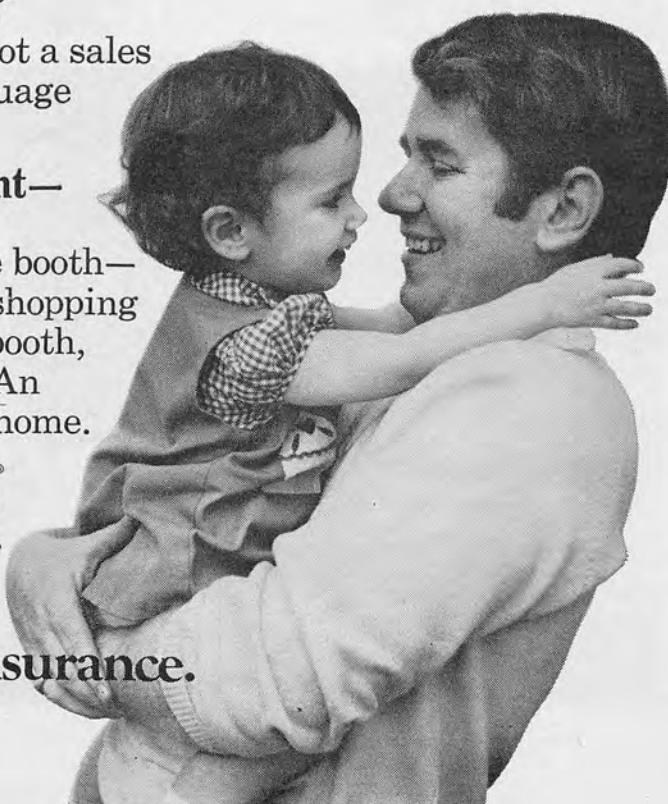
You get facts—not "hard sell."

No pressure. You get advice—not a sales talk. We've simplified the language of your policy, too.

You don't need an appointment—or a necktie.

Come as you are to the Allstate booth—maybe Saturday, while you're shopping at Sears. Or simply phone the booth, or your nearest Allstate office. An agent will gladly come to your home.

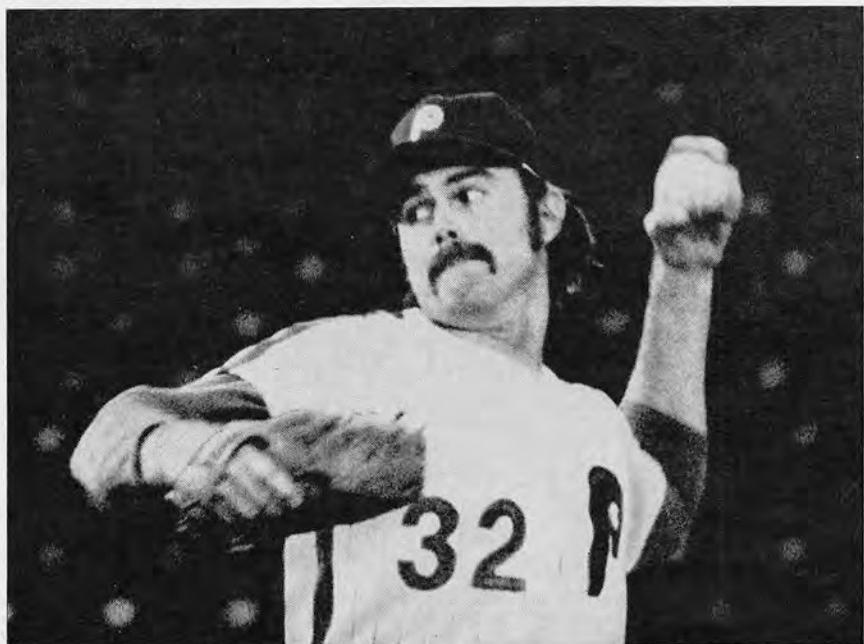
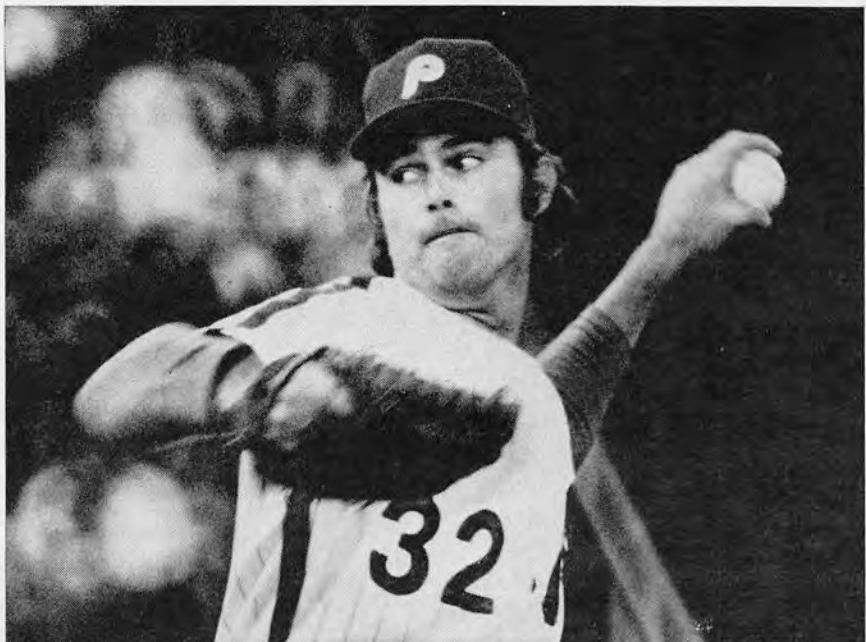
See you soon? **Allstate®**
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The young man's life insurance.

SPORT TALKS

BY GENE SHALIT



Is it true that some fool, writing somewhere or other a few months ago, disparaged the memory of one of the best of all American sportswriters—the late Dan Parker? Remember how Dan for many years wrote his column for the New York Daily Mirror, a newspaper whose circulation was built almost exclusively on four factors: Walter Winchell's column . . . racing tips coded into a comic strip called Joe and Asbestos . . . Dan Parker's column . . . and people who thought the *Daily Mirror* was the *Daily News* and were so mixed up they bought the wrong tabloid? (When you leave a bar at four o'clock in the morning, doesn't one tabloid look like another, and isn't that why, for many years, the *Daily News* printed its front page on pink paper? And didn't that make the drunks even more perplexed? Wasn't it generally agreed that among Parker's gifts (in addition to his courage, which was immense) was his unerring ear for dialect, and his incomparable ability to transfer broken tongues into hilarious type? But what could have been more innovative than his time-to-time column called "Impertinent Questions About Sports"? Why not revive it now with a heaven-bent bow to Dan Parker?

When the New York Knicks brought up a player from the Eastern League with the name Harthorne Nathaniel Wingo, wasn't sportswriter Leonard Koppett right on the money when he cracked that the next player to be brought up would be Emerson Ralph Waldo? . . . And wasn't Frank Lane at his wise-crackling best when he claimed that the Milwaukee Brewers didn't make any trades at the winter baseball meetings because "we didn't want to weaken the rest of the league"?

Could the new manager of the Phillies, Danny Ozark, have caused a mountain of trouble by asking Steve Carlton to shave off (isn't that redundant, or have you ever heard of someone shaving on?) his (Carlton's) (are you still following this?) mustache? Wasn't Steve being a nice guy by agreeing forthwith (against no losses)? Does this mean the Phillies will dress this year the way they played last year—without (Continued on page 20)

What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.



Mustang options, many of which are shown on the Grandé model above, include automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, white sidewall tires, steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.



From top: Mustang Hardtop,
Convertible, Mach I.



This luxurious Grandé interior is shown with optional arm rest/storage compartment.



Better idea for safety... buckle up!

There are at least three reasons why Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965.

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling

with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

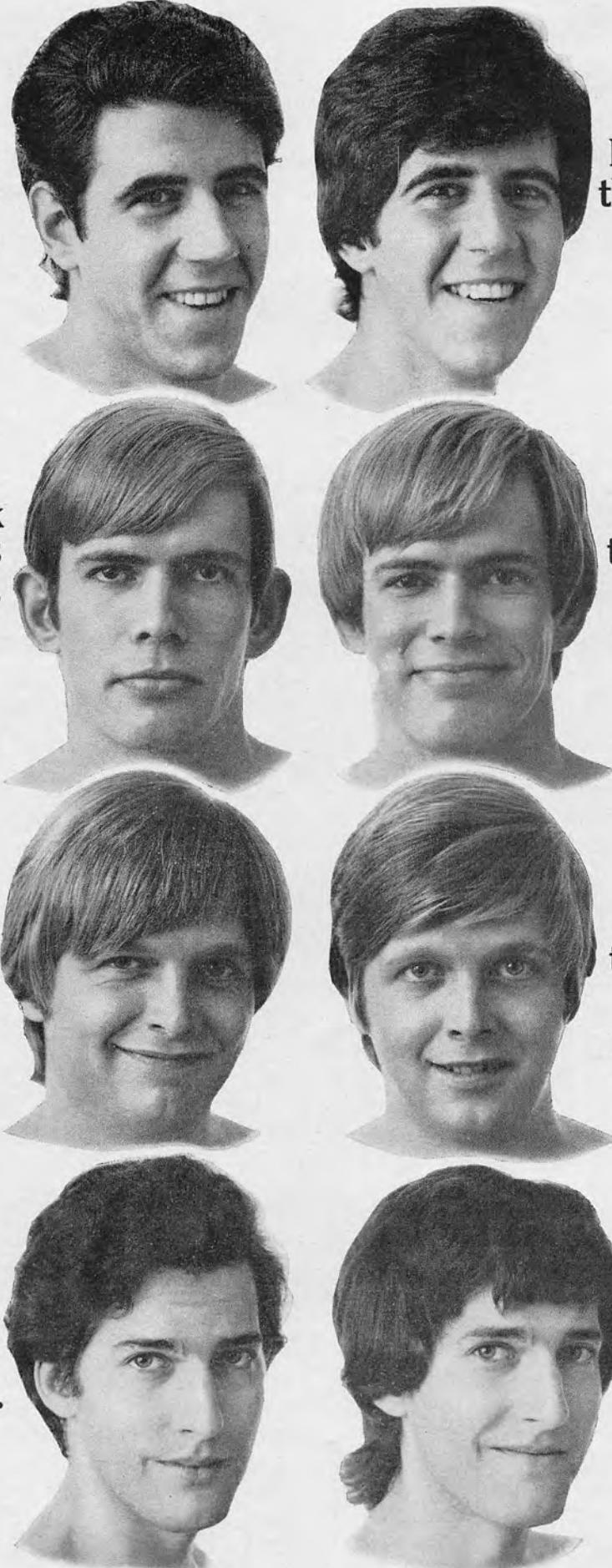
Great feeling. Driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. It feels great to you... it looks great to whoever's watching.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION





You think
your nose
is too big.

Brylcreem
thinks your
hair was
too flat.

You think
your ears
stick out.

Brylcreem
thinks your
hair was
too short.

You think
your face
is too fat.

Brylcreem
thinks your
hair was
misplaced.

You think
your face
is too long.

Brylcreem
thinks your
hair was
too high.

There are a lot of men who think they look awful, and short of plastic surgery, there's nothing they can do to look better.

What these men don't know is that they can look better. They can style their hair to help correct nature's mistakes.

Your nose is too big? Your hair should be fuller on the sides. Wear your sideburns full too. But short. (Long sideburns only accentuate your already accentuated nose.) Try combing the hair on the top of your head forward at an angle, avoiding the elongating effect back-combed hair can give a large-nosed face.

Stick-out ears aren't a problem if your hair's full enough. Which means full enough to meet the outer limits of your ears and long enough to cover your eartops. Don't tuck your hair behind your ears. That only makes them stick out more. To train your hair over your ears, use Brylcreem Hairdressing. It's the conditioning hairdressing that leaves hair looking its natural best.

A fat face? This is the face for longer sideburns and hair that's brushed across your forehead. Keep hair full on top but close on the sides to lengthen your face. Then use Brylcreem Power Hold Dry Spray to keep your hair in place all day long. Power Hold was specially formulated to give longer hair extra long-lasting hold.

Face too long? There's something a good haircut can do for you. Have the hair on top of your head cut short. Leave the sides and back longer. Brush your hair forward and close to your head on top so you're not adding any height to your face. Then keep the sides full by brushing them forward and lifting from underneath. This will add width to your face. Finally, spray with Power Hold to keep your hair in place all day.

Maybe you don't have any of these problems. Maybe your problem is that your eyes are too close. Or your mouth is too big. What we're telling you is that if you find a good hair stylist, he'll analyze your problem and then cut your hair to draw attention away from it—not to it.

Brylcreem thinks it's time men started using their head about their hair. And we want to help them do it.

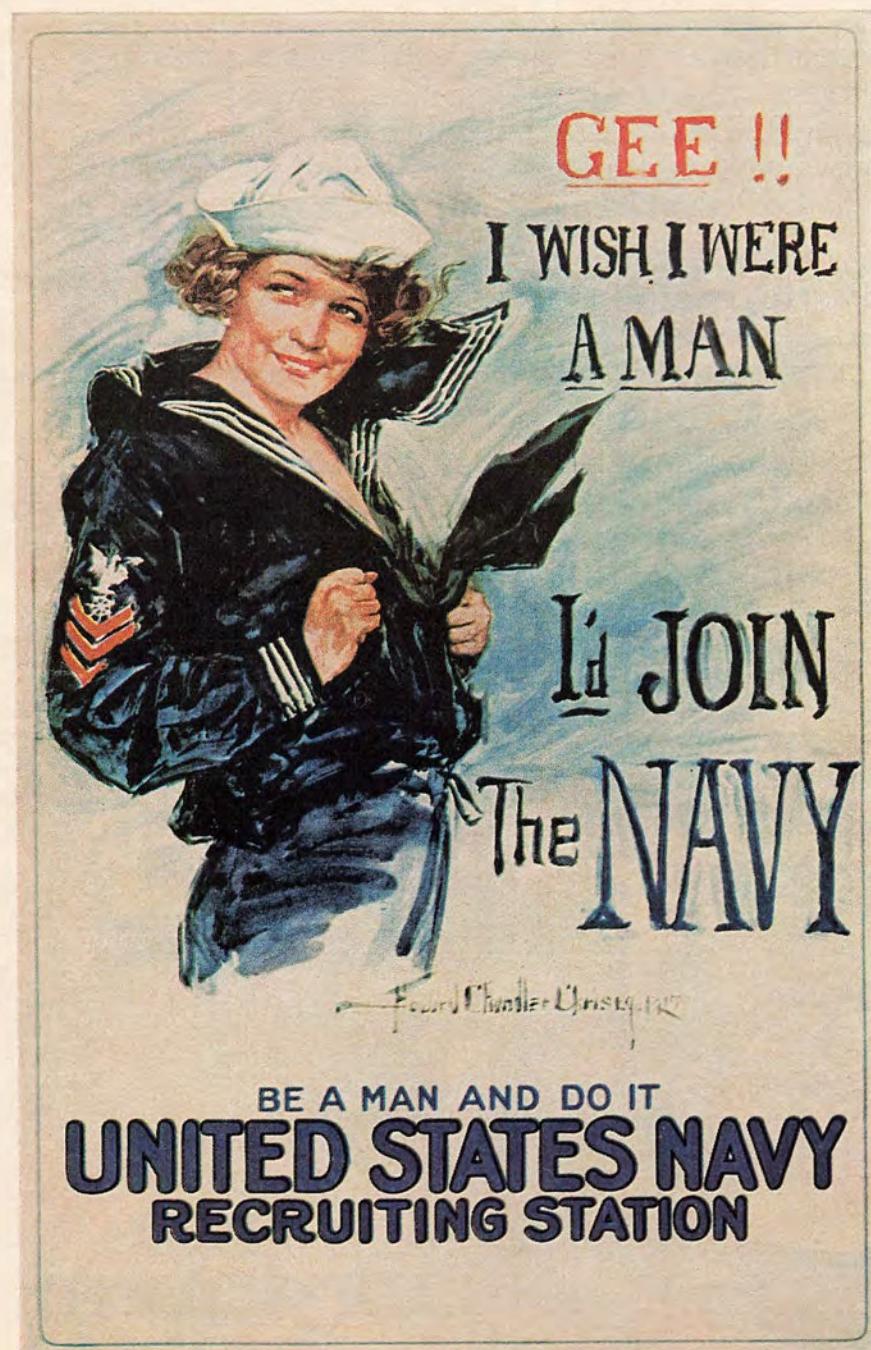
That's why, no matter what you want to do with your hair, we've got a product that will help you.



The Brylcreem group.

We've come a long way
since "a little dab will do ya."

In 1916, the Navy Today we want people



For a free full-color reproduction of this original Navy Poster,
stop by your local Navy recruiter's office.
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It's a brand new Navy. To join now, you can be a man or a woman. But to really make it in today's Navy, you've got to have a little of that old American need to succeed. The feeling that you want to go places fast and you have the stuff to get there. The belief that you're someone special.



only wanted men. who want to succeed.

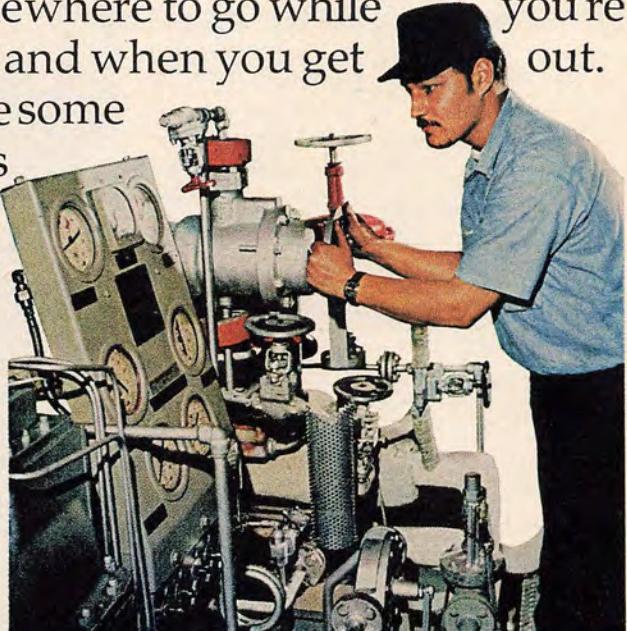


And the new Navy gives you plenty of chances to prove it. If you qualify, you've got a choice of over 300 jobs. Interesting jobs

that keep your head busy. Active jobs that keep your body moving. The kind of jobs you can really get into. Like computer technology and aviation mechanics and seagoing engineering. They're the kind of jobs that give you somewhere to go while you're in the Navy, and when you get out. But there are some other reasons

for joining

the new Navy. Like travel. Europe, the Caribbean, Asia are pretty exciting places to work and have a good time. Like money. More than \$340 a month after just four months — with great fringe benefits and one of the best retirement plans in the world. Like people. Making life-long friendships is one Navy tradition that will never change.



If you think you've got what it takes to make it in the new Navy, if you want to go places fast, send in the attached coupon or call toll free 800-841-8000, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Be a success in the New Navy

style? May I ask Ozark what business it is of his how his players look? Wouldn't he be better off trying to get his guys to play baseball? And does Danny realize he now can never manage Oakland?

Will the mail from readers never stop telling me that I left out the St. Louis Football Cardinals from the Sport Skul Session a few months ago? And shouldn't I get an award from the Postal Service for increasing their revenue? Did you know that I make one major error every month (aside from the basic error of writing this column in the first place), and that no prizes are awarded to the enthusiastic sadists who write in telling me to (a) soak my head, (b) have my head examined, and (c) remove my head? But do you know that I really love all of your mail because it goes so well with my darts?

Since Derek Sanderson says that he buys ten suits at a time, but he usually likes only four so he gives the other six away, shouldn't everyone who is built like Derek (physically) hustle down to Goodwill Industries and pick up some fancy threads for the summer? Will the Follett Publishing Company ever earn back the \$20,000 advance it paid to Sanderson for his autobiography? Or will it be a best seller because fans will buy copies to have something to throw onto the ice besides hot dogs, programs and their cares? If you think your automobile insurance is high, what do you think of the fact that Sanderson's annual premium for his burgundy Rolls Royce is \$4700? Does that mean his Rolls is ultra-valuable or that he is a lousy driver? . . . Will Bob Woolf ever be voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame for his role in making players so contented that they play well enough to get into the Hall of Fame? . . . And who has less of a chance of winding up in the Hall of Fame than Marvin Miller? . . . Doesn't every pitcher wind up in the Hall of Fame? Ho ho? . . . Randy Vataha, the five-foot-ten passcatcher of the New England Patriots says his success comes from his good attitude

toward the game, which is an acceptable notion, but when he adds that "there are enough people in the United States with the ability to replenish every roster in the NFL, but they can't because of their attitude," isn't he being ridiculous?

Is Richard Washington of Benson High School in Portland, Oregon, going to be the next collegiate basketball superstar, or is UCLA's coach John Wooden wasting his time by trying to recruit the seven-foot kid whom he calls "the best prospect I know of"?

When USC's Charles Young, the tight end drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles, says, "I'll learn to like Philadelphia," doesn't this mean he cannot possibly ever have been to Philadelphia? Because would anyone ever go to Philadelphia unless he was drafted to go there? But does everyone know how much I love Philadelphia, which is why I eat cream cheese and cheer the Phillies (except when they play one

of the other teams in the league)?

Jimmy Piersall, the man who ran out his 100th home run backwards around the bases, spent the winter on the banquet circuit, and when he opened his speech by saying, "I've got something over you folks: Everybody knows that I'm crazy"—how can you help but love him?

Did you know that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is really nine feet tall, but gives the illusion of smallness by wearing concave soles on his sneakers? . . . When Bob Seagren won \$39,000 in the so-called mini-Olympics, is it true he wasn't allowed to touch a pole, but that he headed straight for the vault? . . . When the New York Football Giants become the New Jersey Meadowlanders, did you know that their stadium will be near a town called Little Ferry and don't you think the perfect name for an NFL football team would be the Little Ferries? And isn't this THE END?





We ran one of the toughest rallies in Europe on passenger car tires.

Sears Steel-Belted Radials took on the Rally of the Acropolis 1972. A rally so tough, that of the 98 cars that started, only 14 finished. But this Datsun finished near the top — running on Sears Steel-Belted Radials. Tires you can buy for your own car.

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For more details and official FIA rally results pertaining to Sears tires write Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 695, 303 East Ohio, Chicago, Illinois.



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This one.

J/Wax Sprint. The only car wax out there that shines as you're putting it on! You don't wait for it to dry. You don't wait for it to haze. And you don't buff it. It's a unique emulsion formula that dries and shines as you apply it.

You just wipe it on and it shines like crazy.

And that's a tough, hard-wax shine that's going to last through rain after rain. But then, that's what you'd expect from Johnson's wax.

J/WAX SPRINT.
THE WIPE N' SHINE CAR WAX.
ONE OF A KIND.

Once Upon A Time, There Was A One-Armed Outfielder... In The Major Leagues

BY JOE FALLS



Pete Gray. . . . St. Louis Browns. . . . 1945. . . . Born in Nanticoke, Pa. . . . Real name: Peter J. Wyshner. . . . Appeared in 77 games. . . . Batted .218, 51 for 234. . . . Twenty-eight years old. . . . Batted left. . . . Threw left. . . . Caught left.

The guy who had answered the phone in the police station in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania yelled out: "Hey, any of you guys know where Petey Gray hangs out these days?"

"Try Vedor's Bar," someone suggested. "He's always in there."

I placed a call to Vedor's Bar, and when a woman answered, I said, "May I talk to Pete Gray, please?"

A moment later, a man got on the phone. I told him that I wanted to come to Nanticoke to talk with him about his days in the major leagues. "I don't want to talk to anybody," the man said. "I just want to be left alone. I won't be here when you get here."

"Where you going to go?"

"I'll go out and play golf."

"Where you going to play golf this time of year?" It was the middle of winter.

"I'll find a place."

"Well, I'll take a chance. I'll come in, anyway."

"I'll be in Hershey."

"I'll go to Hershey."

"Then I'll be in Allentown."

"I'll take a chance."

I wanted very much to see Pete Gray. I wanted very much to talk with him. I had wanted to meet him ever since I was a kid and I saw him, on a rainy Sunday at Yankee Stadium, standing near first base, warming up with the other members of the 1945 St. Louis Browns.

It was an incredible sight.

Everything was so fluid, so natural. He'd catch the ball in that lazy, easy way ballplayers have when they're playing catch along the sidelines. Then the glove would come off his left hand, he'd stick the glove under the stub of his right arm and he'd toss the ball back, all in one quick motion, much faster than the time it takes to tell it.

It was like a magic act. I kept staring at him, studying him, not because he had one arm, just to figure out how in the world he did it. I thought about him for many years afterward.

He lost his right arm, just below the shoulder, at the age of six. The story of how it happened has become distorted over the years. He has been made the victim of everything from tractors to trains. The truth is that he was standing on the running board of a truck when it suddenly pulled away and threw him up against an embankment. His small body bounced back and, as he thrust out his arms to keep himself from crashing back into the truck, his right arm went into the open spokes on the wheel.

Gray himself remembers nothing of the accident. His brothers told him all about it. The driver of the truck merely picked him up and brought him back to his house and left him on the front porch, mangled

There Was A One Armed Outfielder... In The Major Leagues

CONTINUED

and crying. It was not until a woman passed by and shrieked in horror that they took Pete to the hospital where his arm had to be amputated.

He was shy, even in the beginning. But, for some reason, he drove himself so hard that by the time he was a teenager, there was no better ballplayer in Nanticoke than Pete Wyshner. He changed his name to "Gray" while signing up with a

semi-pro team. His brother was boxing under the name of Whitey Gray and what was good enough for him was good enough for young Pete.

Pete Gray asked no favors and resented any special treatment. In a sandlot game, he once slid so hard into home plate that he knocked the ball out of the catcher's grasp. "If it wasn't for your handicap, I'd bust your face in," the catcher said to Gray. Pete didn't wait. He took one swing at the catcher and knocked him down. "What handicap?" he said.

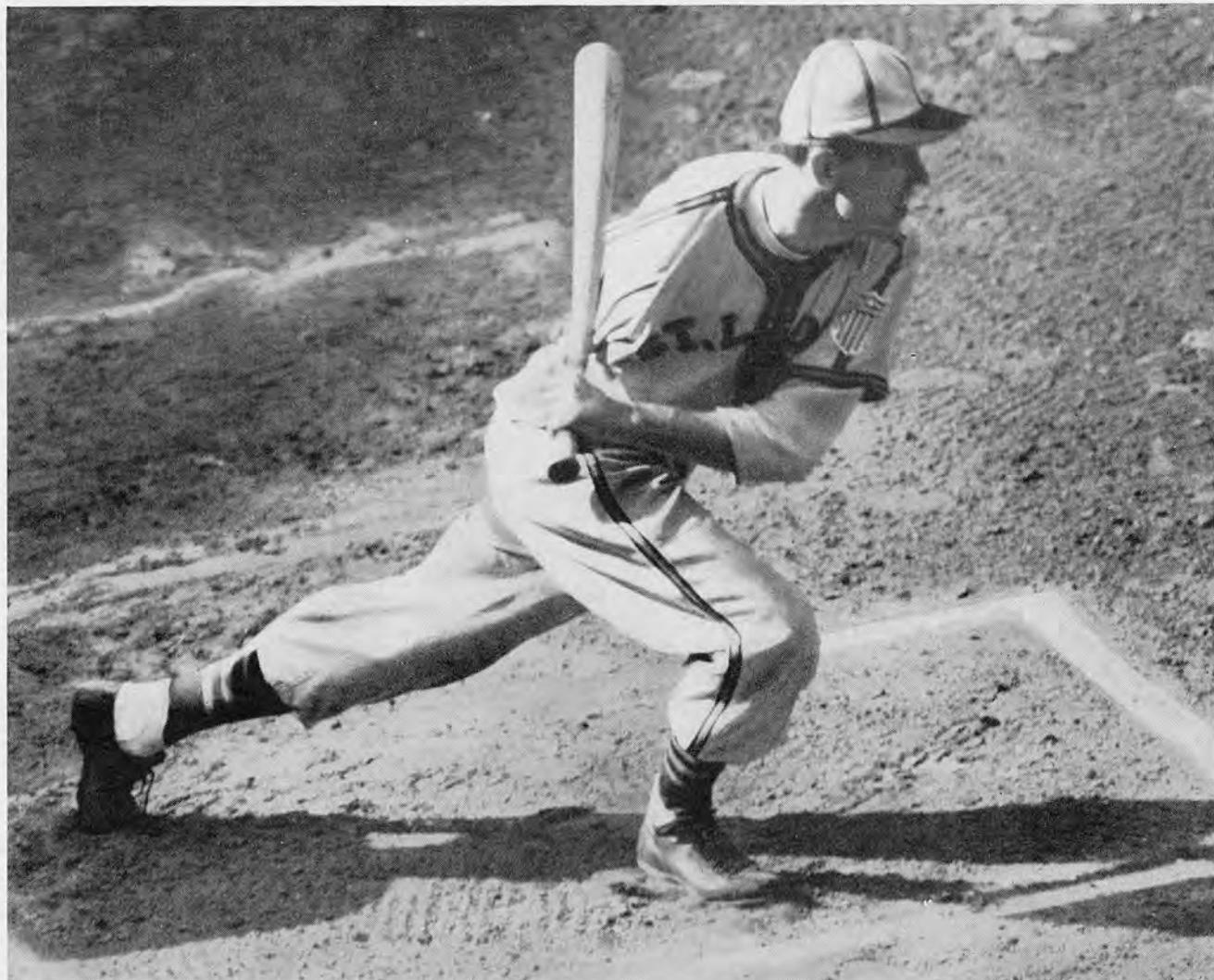
He was a gate attraction even then, but more than that, he was a good ballplayer. He could run. Everyone could see that. But he could also catch the ball and hit it with surprising ease. That's what astounded everyone. It got so after

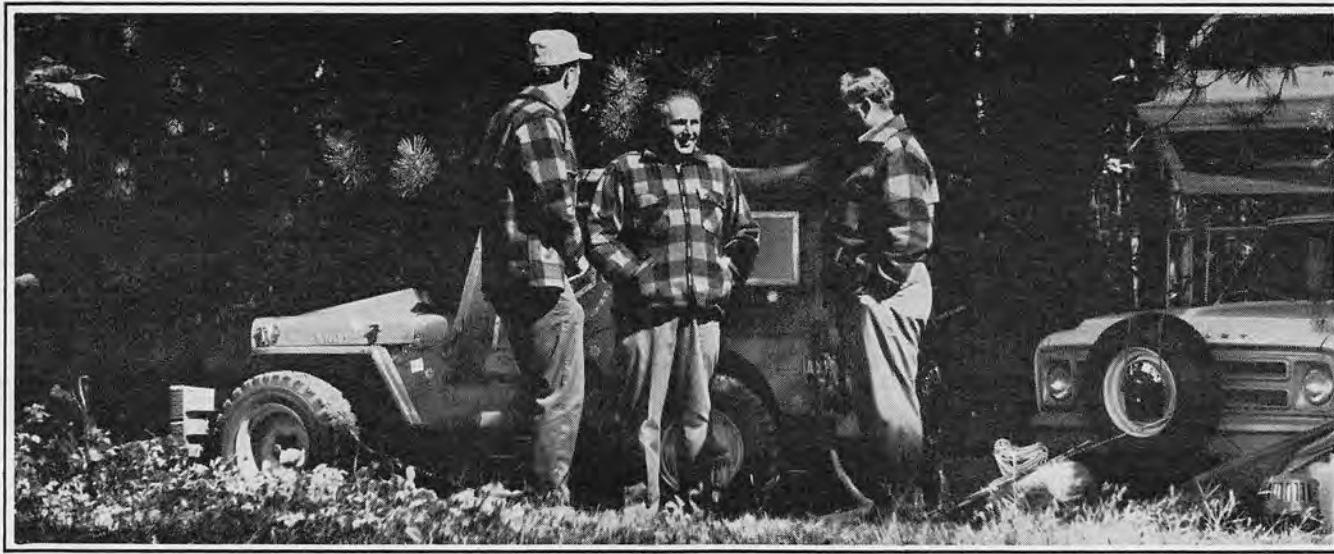
a while the townfolk forgot he had only one arm.

As Gray grew older, the pressures on him increased. "You should see the one-armed guy from Nanticoke . . . you won't believe it." Gray became temperamental. He became cocky. He was not the easiest young man to get along with. He was consumed with only one desire—to become a big-league ballplayer.

He finally got his chance in organized ball in 1942—when World War II robbed both the majors and the minors of much of the talent. Gray, then 24, played for Three Rivers of the Canadian-American League and, even though he broke his collarbone early in the season, he had the best

Gray never hit a home run in the majors, but had five in his last minor-league season, three inside the park.





STEVE PETRASEK IS HEARING FROM A LOT OF CAMPER OWNERS WITH PROBLEMS... THAT FIRESTONE'S WIDE OVAL TIRE SYSTEM CAN SOLVE.

Tire engineer Steve Petrasek heard from a lot of people after we ran the story about his annual 31 hour run to the wilds of Montana using the Firestone Wide Oval System. One even started out: "Help", and many talked about problems ranging from poor mileage with present tires to a need for more traction, better road control, and load capacity information.

The Wide Oval System may not be the answer to every camper problem, but it solves a lot of them, which is why these tires are Steve's choice for the tough driving he and his buddies do each year with a jeep in tow. Remember, as a Firestone engineer with a racing, farm and truck tire background, Steve can take his choice of tires. And he sticks with The System.

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to build stability under that camper and deliver more miles than the Transport Wide Oval tires they replaced in our line.

On the rear go Firestone's Traction All Season™ Wide Oval truck tires, the *drive* part of The System. Their treads are computer-designed to behave nicely at turnpike speeds, and to move your camper through snow, sand and mud when you turn off the mainline.

**The Wide Oval System
for Campers.**

Firestone

There Was A One Armed Outfielder... In The Major Leagues

CONTINUED

batting average in the league—.381 in 42 games.

Gray got a tryout with Toronto in 1943, but talked his way out of a chance by sounding off about the manager, Burleigh Grimes. It so happened that Grimes was in hearing distance of Gray's comments and Gray was sent packing the next day. He was sent to Memphis, where he batted .289 in 126 games. Then came the season which earned him his chance in St. Louis.

In 1944, Pete Gray did it all in the Southern League. He batted .333. He collected 119 hits for 221 total bases and drove in 60 runs—not bad for batting second most of the season. He hit five home runs—two of them out of the ballpark, the other three inside the park. He stole 68 bases, tying a record set 15 years earlier by Kiki Cuyler.

The Browns bought him from Memphis for \$20,000 and for one season—1945—Pete Gray was one of the most exciting players in baseball. Not that he played well. He didn't. He batted only .218. He didn't hit any home runs and he stole only five bases.

But that memory of him warming up in Yankee Stadium, catching and throwing the ball so effortlessly . . . a man with one arm playing in the major leagues. . . . That was an astounding thing to see.

Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, is dark, brooding mountains, white clapboard houses, hills, telegraph poles, railroad tracks, diners and neon signs: "Eat." Coal dust is everywhere.

"Do you know where Vedor's Bar is?"

The man I asked—a guy in his 60s maybe—started to laugh. "Vedor's?" he said. "People in this town don't know where the Catholic church is, but they know where Vedor's Bar is."

He laughed again. "Who you looking for?"

"Pete Gray," I said.

"Oh, Petey Gray," he said. "He's an amazing guy. Plays golf all the time. I remember a couple of years ago, I went out for the first time and he's there and he says, 'Hey, let's play for a buck a hole.' I look at him and say, 'Well, I don't really know.' It's my first time out, you understand, and I figure I'm not ready to play for money. Three guys are up ahead of us. I hear one of them say, 'Hey, the guy with one arm wants to play for money. Let's take him.' Petey plays them and he takes ten bucks apiece from them. How about that? Petey is something else, alright. Now if you'll turn left at the corner and follow that street all the way up the hill. . . ."

The guy directed me into the Hanover section of Nanticoke, a small collection of faded houses, store fronts, a bar, a gas station, a dog running through an empty street. I reached the last street in Hanover, and I saw two men standing in the doorway of a store across the street. It was a cold, wet morning, and they were huddled together.

I knew one of them was him. He was standing back in the shadows, but somehow I knew it was Pete Gray. He was staring hard at my rented car.

I stopped the car and slowly started turning around. The street was very narrow. I was trying to act very casual about the whole thing. I half expected him to start running. (*Continued on page 86*)



A fine baserunner, Gray scores one of his 26 big-league runs against Detroit.

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14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
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1. This pitcher led the National League in shutouts for the 1972 season.

- a.** Don Sutton
- b.** Tom Seaver
- c.** Steve Carlton

2. Which of these active pitchers has hit the most home runs in his career?

- a.** Milt Pappas
- b.** Ferguson Jenkins
- c.** Bob Gibson

3. Who was the first NBA player to grab 50 rebounds in one game?

- a.** Wilt Chamberlain
- b.** Bill Russell
- c.** George Mikan

4. He was the first defensive player in the NFL to win a Most-Valuable-Player award.

- a.** Claude Humphrey
- b.** Dick Butkus
- c.** Alan Page

5. Which player kicked the most field goals in a Super Bowl game?

- a.** Jim Turner
- b.** Jan Stenerud
- c.** Don Chandler

6. Match these NHL awards with the men who won them in the 1971-1972 season.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| a. Bobby Clarke | Hart Memorial |
| b. Bobby Orr | Art Ross Memorial |
| c. Phil Esposito | Calder Memorial |
| d. Ken Dryden | Masterton Memorial |

7. This National League batter led the league in bases on balls in the 1972 season.



- a.** Joe Morgan
- b.** Bobby Tolan
- c.** Matty Alou

8. Which of these players has been selected the most times to the All-ABA team?

- a.** Rick Barry
- b.** Mel Daniels
- c.** Connie Hawkins

9. Which of these boxers was the only one who ever defeated Gene Tunney?

- a.** Harry Greb
- b.** Jack Dempsey
- c.** Max Schmeling

10. In what year did the Lakers NBA franchise move from Minneapolis to Los Angeles?

- a.** 1960
- b.** 1955
- c.** 1965

11. This pitcher holds the National League record for the most lifetime strikeouts by a righthander.

- a.** Jim Bunning
- b.** Bob Gibson
- c.** Don Drysdale

12. The NBA record for assists in an All-Star game, 14, is held by which player?

- a.** Bob Cousy
- b.** Oscar Robertson
- c.** Dick McGuire

13. This player holds the record for the most games played as a third baseman.

- a.** Pie Traynor
- b.** Brooks Robinson
- c.** Eddie Mathews

14. Which one of these horses paid the highest price in winning the Kentucky Derby?

- a.** Count Turf
- b.** Cannonero II
- c.** Tim Tam

15. Who holds the major-league record for the most times stealing home in one season?

- a.** Maury Wills
- b.** Ty Cobb
- c.** Pete Reiser

16. Who was the first runner to be clocked in under 13 minutes for the three-mile?

- a.** Jim Ryun
- b.** Ron Clarke
- c.** Kip Keino

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 102

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Harley-Davidson TX-125. The Great American Freedom Machine.

BY PAUL HEMPHILL

JABE THOMAS: LAST OF A BREED 25



There were three of them, and they had left the mountains beyond Roanoke at four o'clock in the morning, the glistening new Dodge and the extra tires and all their tools sitting atop the bed of their truck. They sustained themselves on Dr. Pepper and candy bars on the twisting five-hour drive down to the flatlands, and when they got into Richmond they drove straight to the state fairgrounds where the race would be run on Sunday, the next day. All of the big-name drivers like Petty and Allison and Yarborough had already qualified and wrapped the tight vinyl covers over their cars, and while they lolled around the infield sucking on Nehis and acting humble for the groupies, the racing team of Jabe Thomas stoically hunched amid oil pans and lug nuts and carburetor parts trying to get the car set up for business. Some racing team. Petty had 13 mechanics there, in matching uniforms, but Jabe had only his partner—a bodyshop operator from Roanoke named Don Robertson—and a brooding mountain mechanic known only as Stinky. All day long they crawled over the car's innards, Jabe flitting

around the pit area trading lines with the other drivers ("Hey, this woman had a baby born with a mustache and she was tickled to death"), and they got it ready in time for him to be one of the 30 drivers to qualify for the Richmond 500.

Now, bone tired, they were checking into a Holiday Inn on the fringe of town, three of them in one room to cut down on expenses, and they were just in time to catch the previous week's Daytona 500 on Wide World of Sports. Jabe had finished 15th in that one, one of his best ever at Daytona and worth nearly \$2000 to him when you count it all up, but he also nearly had been creamed when a car in front of him spun out at 170 miles-per-hour. "I want to watch and see how come I didn't get killed," Jabe was saying. Robertson slumped next door to filch a drink of whiskey from another mechanic. Stinky, already homesick for the hills after only 14 hours away from them, was sprawled out in a fitful sleep on top of the covers and would later refuse to leave the room for so much as a hamburger.

"Tenth," Jabe said as Robertson came back into the room with a tumbler full of warm Scotch.

"What say?"

"We're shootin' for tenth place."

"Uh-huh."

"Naw, lookie here, I got it figured out. Expenses ought to go nearly \$700. Tenth pays \$625, plus that \$250 we got for qualifying. Finish tenth and we make a little money. Hey, here it comes," he said, pointing at the television set as Scottish racing star Jackie Stewart, wearing a black tam on his shaggy head, described the Daytona wreck. The car ahead of Jabe blew the engine and began spinning out of control. Jabe guessed the car was going to spin up high on the track so he went down on the apron, but so did the crippled car. "Wheew-weeee," Jabe chortled as his yellow-and-red No. 25 came through it unscathed, "I don't know how I done it. Fella told me the announcer on the radio said, 'There's a veteran driver for you.' Why, heck, all I did was close my eyes and stomp on it and pray he'd be gone when I got there."

In the beginning there were the



good old boys, primal sons of Appalachia who came howling down out of the Southern hills on weekends to bang around quarter-mile dirt tracks under pale yellow lights in a celebration of life which perfectly mirrored their relative position in American society. They were poor and hungry and violent, and more than one of them used the car for bootlegging moonshine whiskey during the week ("When not racing, Mr. Seay divided his time between Dawsonville and Atlanta," deadpanned the obituary for one of the early idols, murdered in a shootout with a cousin over a sack of sugar), and they represented a raw slice of this country's history. "What they ought to do," said one when tighter regulations were added to the sport, "is give everybody a drink of liquor and drop the green flag." Back then, which was some 30 years ago, Southern stock car racing meant fender-banging vendettas on the curves and tire-iron fights in the infield and whiskey in the skittery skeletal bleachers. The roar of the engines, the smell of the crowd.

The changes, barely perceptible at first, began in 1948 when a fel-

low named Bill France formed the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. NASCAR was intended to upgrade the sport, to preen its image and to make it profitable for the drivers and the promoters. They started paving the tracks. They started building "super-speedways," pushing speeds past 100 miles-per-hour. They started paying prize money in the thousands rather than the hundreds. Detroit came in, throwing financial backing behind the better drivers. Television deals were made for the bigger races, such as the Daytona 500. Some of the more prominent drivers bought planes and flew from race to race. The whiskey and the primeval feuding disappeared, as did most of the their rough-edged Southern reflexes, and all of a sudden it had become a dead-serious business.

Today, of course, Southern stock car racing is quite another animal from what it was in the old days. Expenses being what they are, the hell-raising poor country boy has been forced aside by the drivers with sponsors like Coca-Cola and STP. Bobby Allison of Hueytown, Alabama, won \$273,000 in prize money

At the Daytona 500, Thomas made one of his best showings ever—finishing 15th, but earning no profit after expenses.

last year. Richard Petty, who started driving in the halcyon days of the dirt tracks, employs dozens of mechanics at Petty Engineering in Randleman, North Carolina, who maintain a fleet of identical cars making him virtually unbeatable on the NASCAR circuit. The circuit itself is sponsored by the Winston cigarette people, who put up a "point fund" totalling \$120,000. An average of 43,000 fans paid to see each of 31 races last year, and this year's Daytona 500 drew an incredible 103,000. At the new track in Talladega, Alabama, drivers pull two and three gravity-forces on one high-banked turn, developing vertigo and sometimes blacking out as they hurtle down the backstretch at more than 200 miles-per-hour. "It's got so you can't have no fun anymore," you will hear a driver say these days, but then he excuses himself to go off and cash a first-place check for some \$5000. The good old boys of stock car racing, like the old South that nourished them, are all but gone.



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Best of all, you'll like the way the Crosman 454 works.

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LAST OF A BREED

CONTINUED

The last of them, in fact, may be one Gerry Ezra (Jabe) Thomas, who is 42 and runs Jabe's Gulf service station in the small western Virginia town of Christiansburg. A poor boy who "ain't never had nothin' to speak of," Jabe has been driving race cars since 1950, and in eight seasons on NASCAR's "Grand National" circuit for big late-model cars, he has never finished better than fourth in 216 races. He has never had any sort of help from Detroit or anywhere else substantial. ("The only thing close to a sponsor I've had is this fellow, Clyde Lynn, who pays me \$100 to paint the name of his used-car place on the side of my car.") But he is in partnership with Don Robertson. They have about \$35,000 invested in a truck, two '73 Dodges and such things as tools and tires. What Jabe Thomas does is *finish* a race, which he did often enough two years ago to win \$31,500 and place sixth in NASCAR's overall point standing. Making every race on the circuit, not pushing his car hard enough to blow it, cutting down on expenses, Jabe and Don are able to break even nearly every year. "We do it," says Robertson, "to get away on weekends and have some fun. It's a hobby."

In the process, Jabe Thomas has carved out a place for himself as the clown prince of stock car racing. Loose-jointed and angular, with mischievous eyes behind a pair of thick black horn-rimmed glasses he is probably the best-liked driver on the circuit among his peers and the fans. He describes his racing strategy this way: "It's kinda like squirrel-hunting, where you sneak around and get what you can." He is saddened by Detroit's recent pull-out, and the other sponsors with it, because "you can't even turn the tahr carcasses in no more."

Once in Texas he bought a geiger

Here's a picture of a man buying a new car.



Here's the same man having his new car financed.



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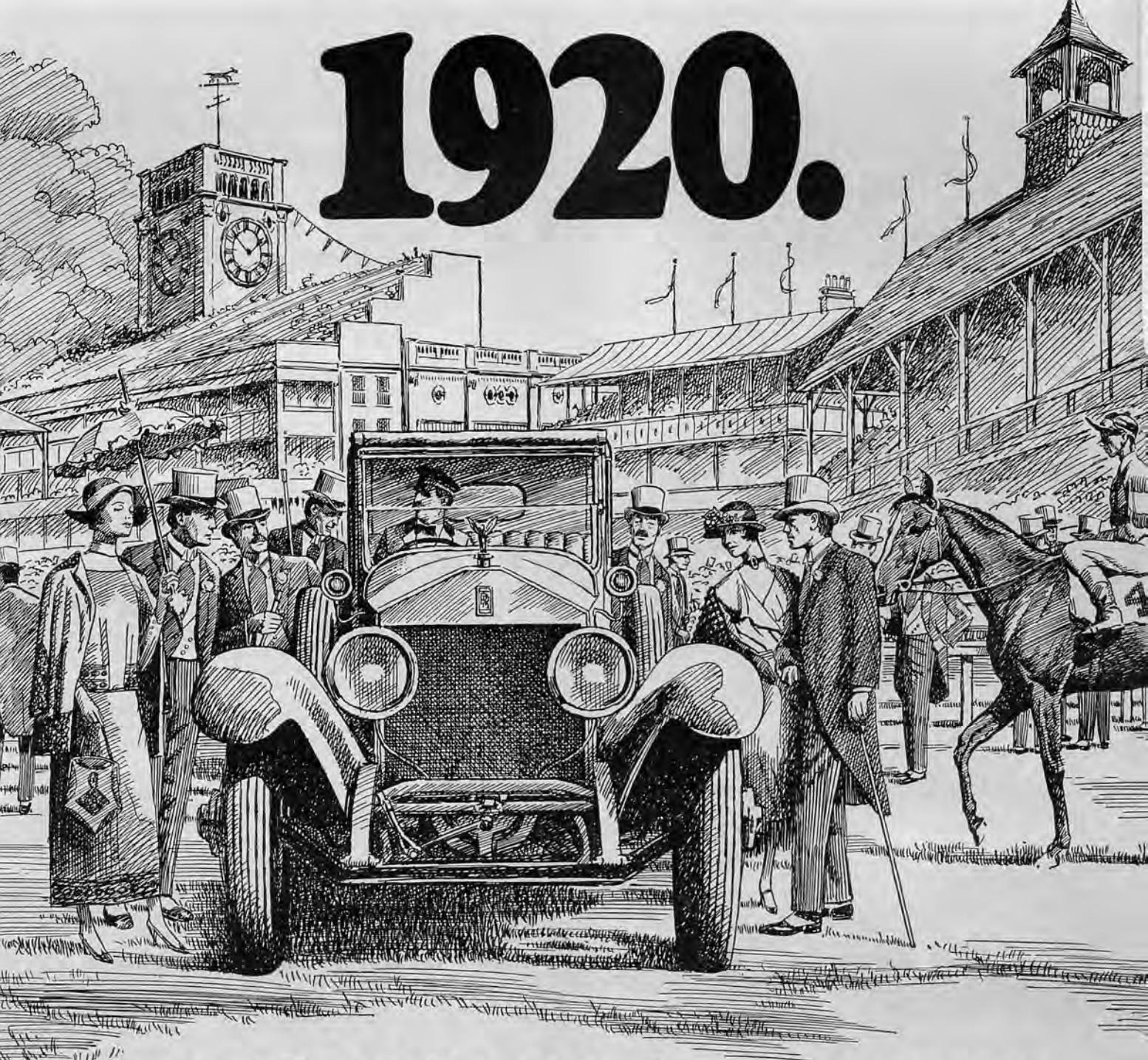
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1920 Simoniz is introduced to England. Many Rolls Royces at Ascot were shinier that year.

1937 Simoniz helps a lot of people through college. Waxing cars with Simoniz was like money in the bank.

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the shine and ease you want. It's all there in new Simoniz Pre-soft or Liquid.



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LAST OF A BREED

CONTINUED

counter for \$100 and bet two fellows at a rest stop on the highway that he could find money with it, but wound up losing a dollar when he couldn't find the four quarters he had hidden on the ground under a layer of dust. Another time, in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, he had a bucket of water dropped on his head from the third floor of a ragged hotel when he went outside to use a pay phone on the sidewalk. He once slipped a rock into another driver's tight racing uniform pocket, and the driver carried it for 500 miles with his seat belt digging it into his thigh.

Remembering his heavy-drinking

Despite the crowd around Jabe's car at Daytona, his pit crew consists of only a partner and a mechanic named Stinky.

father, he has never touched a drop of liquor or smoked a cigarette; but he makes up for that and qualifies as a good old boy with his irrepressible wit and spirit. He drives a modest little Datsun and works his service station while his wife holds down a job at the overall plant in Christiansburg, and he is thoroughly at peace with the world. "Every time we start up the engines, I just thank the good Lord I'm behind the wheel," he says. He is an inherently good man without a bad word about anybody, and he has a simple explanation for what makes him tick: "Anybody who knows how I grew up knows why I'm like I am."

Growing up is never easy in that rugged hill country west of Roanoke, and it was twice as tough for the Thomases. "We was probably the poorest folks in the country," says Jabe, "and that's really saying something around there." He was the oldest of three boys and one girl born to a part-time farmer and odds-and-ends man who drank heavily,

and except for an occasional piece of pork, the family subsisted on homegrown vegetables. He remembers going for three days without anything at all to eat, and except for a hamburger now and then, he still can't develop a taste for meat. He also recalls only two Christmas gifts during his childhood: A 15-cent toy truck and a cap pistol. He dropped out of high school after the second day of his sophomore year, to go to work at \$3.20 a day in the local chair factory, spent eight months in the Army before being discharged with a bad back, delivered milk door-to-door, worked for five months as a welder in Cleveland, Ohio, and finally settled down back home in 1958 when he took over the service station.

All along, he had been into racing. "I used to sit in school drawing pictures of cars," he says. His first race had been in 1950 at Victory Stadium in Roanoke, the same place the legendary Curtis Turner had started, in (Continued on page 120)



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DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

THE REAL JOE PAGE?



For the past several years, a man has been floating around the New York area, passing himself off as Joe Page, the man who used to pitch for the New York Yankees. The man has all the details of Page's career down pat, his style, his statistics, his habits. He can even demonstrate the lefthanded pitching motion than once terrorized batters.

There is just one problem with the man. He is an imposter. He is a very convincing imposter. He starts with baseball talk, reliving the glory days of Joe Page, then earns some sympathy by telling how the Yankees ignore him, how he wasn't invited to the Oldtimers' Day in 1971 and 1972. He uses this technique so successfully that the imposter has gotten free clothing, free hotel rooms, free meals and, mostly, free drinks.

We were taken in by the imposter. His story seemed so real that, two months ago, in this department, we described him as being Joe Page. We were wrong.

We made a glaring, inexcusable error, and for that, we want to apologize to Joe Page, his family and his fans.

The reason the real Joe Page didn't participate in the 1971 and 1972 Oldtimers' Day ceremonies at Yankee Stadium is a simple one: The night before the 1970 reunion, sitting in the stands at the stadium, Page suffered a heart attack. Since then, his health has kept him away from the affair.

We learned we were wrong through letters from people in western Pennsylvania, where the real Joe Page lives with his wife, Mitzi, and his children. Here are a few excerpts:

"Either someone is impersonating Joe Page, or you made up this story. . . ." "The only time Joe talks about baseball is when someone else brings it up. He prefers to talk hunting or fishing. . . ."

"Joe Page does own a bar in Laughlin, and it is a small, orderly, well run place. He and his wife work hard to make it a success. . . . He is a damn good father who spends time with his boys. . . ." "In nine years I have never seen Joe Page drink more than an infrequent bottle of beer. . . ."

We apologize.

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

Ten of the 24 major-league teams start the 1973 season with different managers than they opened with in 1972, for an exceptionally high 41.7 percent turnover. . . . However, only four of the current pilots will be making their debuts as major-league managers—Whitey Herzog (Rangers), Jack McKeon (Royals), Danny Ozark (Phillies) and Bobby Winkles (Angels). . . . Five managers are starting a season for the first time, having been appointed during the 1972 campaign—Del Crandall, Whitey Lockman, Eddie Mathews, Frank Quilici and Don Zimmer. . . . The tenth new manager is hardly a newcomer: Leo Durocher goes into his 24th year as a major-league manager, with his new club, Houston,

being the fourth NL team he has managed.

The trend toward picking managers who were not outstanding players continues, with three of the four newcomers, McKeon, Ozark and Winkles, never having played in the majors. . . . Herzog had an eight-year career in the AL, mostly as a utility man.

Earl Weaver starts the 1973 season with by far the best winning percentage among active managers who have had at least two years experience. . . . In his four-and-a-half seasons as Baltimore leader, the Orioles have played at a .621 pace (446-272). . . . Sparky Anderson ranks second, with .577 for his three years with Cincinnati. . . . Walter Alston leads all active pilots in pennant victories (six), followed by Durocher (three), and Weaver (three). . . . Anderson, Red Schoendienst and Dick Williams have each been two-time winners. . . . Alston, with four, and Houk, with two,

are the only active managers with more than one World Series victory.

Of the 14 managers who are starting at least their second season with the same team, ten have not managed any other club in the majors. . . . Alston leads this group, going into his 20th year with the Dodgers after 13 years as a minor-league manager. . . . Alston is third on the all-time list for most years managing one team, topped only by Connie Mack (50 years with the Athletics) and John McGraw (30 years with the Giants). . . . In addition to Durocher, the only other active managers who have led more than one major-league club are Yogi Berra, Gene Mauch, Billy Martin and Dick Williams, each with their second team.

Only seven of the current pilots never managed in the minors—Yogi Berra, Leo Durocher, Whitey Herzog, Eddie Mathews, Frank Quilici, Red Schoendienst and Bobby Winkles.

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The Guard



The Billy Williams Doll: Wind It Up And It Hits Line Drives

BY JIM BROSNAN

He doesn't look like a superstar. He doesn't talk like a superstar. But Billy Williams draws a superstar's six-figure salary, and he earns it by piling up a superstar's statistics every season.

He relishes personal recognition and would take more if he got it. But he can get along without it because he knows what he's done and how he did it.

His manner is diffident, his physique unimpressive. But there is warmth behind the facade of aloofness and an iron man's constitution in his slim brown body.

There is more to him than you've heard or even suspected. He won't put you down, but he may put you on, gently. In his own world he knows that he's a most valuable person.

Billy Leo Williams was born June 15, 1938, in Whistler, Alabama, where the Great Depression was hardly noticed since near-poverty was the norm for most residents. Billy can recall, with salty humor, that when it rained it poured—right through the roof of the Williams' house. The heart of the town, where the white people lived, was bracketed by black neighborhoods called Baptist Town and Methodist Town. Billy's family spent some time in

each, getting along as well as they could, not too bad but not too good.

Today, at the age of 34, Billy Williams lives in relative affluence in Chicago's South Shore. His neocolonial house, sumptuously furnished, is a few minutes drive from the Jackson Park Yacht Basin where Billy keeps a 20-foot boat—not a rich man's toy but the sort of vehicle that a practical, water-loving superstar enjoys.

"My favorite pitchers are Ferguson Jenkins and Milt Pappas," says Williams. "Know why? They work fast. When we're playing at home and they're pitching for us, I know we'll get away from the park in time for a spin on Lake Michigan."

Still, Billy's favorite activity, if only because it has earned him the money to enjoy so many of life's pleasures, is hitting a baseball. The premier slugger of the Chicago Cubs has done it well enough to be compared with another Williams, Theodore Samuel. (There have been 41 players named Williams who have played major-league baseball, and Billy is the only one who ever rivaled Ted as a hitter.)

Montreal manager Gene Mauch calls Williams' batting stroke "the classic swing." Fergie Jenkins, Billy's somewhat biased best friend,

agrees. Jenkins thinks that an enlightened television programmer could do Little Leaguers a lot of good by filming "Billy At Bat" and showing it in prime time. "Just watching him hit," says Jenkins, "is educational."

The latter-day sweet-swinging Williams caused another pitcher to declare, with bitter wit, "You ought to call him Billy Doll. Wind him up in the morning and he hits line drives all day."

Williams, a gracefully modest man, takes it all in stride. He enjoys the praise alright, but he doesn't seem as desperate for it as do many others from poor backgrounds like his. Perhaps it's because he keeps a few rich memories of that childhood: Swimming and fishing in Eight Mile Creek with his brother Franklin, whom Satchel Paige nicknamed "Susie" because he had such smooth moves as a semi-pro first baseman. . . . Doting on his daddy, Frank Williams, who raised his five kids with loving care, treating them frequently to bananas by the bunch, the only treat a Mobile stevedore could afford. . . . Signing his first professional contract with Ivy Griffin, a Chicago Cub scout who pocketed the paper and presented Frank Williams with a cigar, the only

And It Hits Line Drives

CONTINUED

bonus anyone received for Billy's signature.

"Ivy Griffin told us that the Cubs were a good organization to work for," Billy says. "I didn't know then how right he was."

Players who wind up as superstars usually achieve instant success. But for Billy Williams, fame did not come overnight. The long road from Whistler to South Shore had some ironic twists and turns. In high school Billy had played third base though he was ill-equipped for that job. As a pro he was switched to the outfield, but in his first full season, at Ponca City in 1957, he made 25 errors to lead the league in that category. He also batted .310, drove in 95 runs and played in every scheduled game. Billy is best remembered in that town for the time he struck out with the bases loaded yet scored behind the other runners when the third-strike pitch got by the catcher.

"I don't know what exactly happened," he says, "but we all started running and they were throwing the ball all over the place and I just kept going till I was back in the dugout. Play this game long enough and you see some weird things."

Two years later, at San Antonio, Williams was down in the dumps. He called home and learned from his brother Franklin that the fishing had never been better. So he asked his roommate to drive him to the train station and, turning his back on baseball, he jumped the club in midseason. Within a week, however, he was back with the Texas League club, and two months later, he made his major-league debut with the Cubs.

Williams spent most of the following season with the Cubs' Houston farm team, batting .323 with 26 home runs. Then came the 1961 season when he not only stuck with the Chicago club but was the league's Rookie of the Year. It was, of course, his bat that won him the honor; he had a .278 average with

25 home runs and 86 runs batted in. In the field he led the league with 11 errors.

Billy's "good hit, no field" reputation was no handicap in Chicago. For decades the Cubs had judged their outfielders on hitting ability, not glove work. And from the first, Williams worked diligently to improve his defensive play; today, in his own estimate, he is a "better-than-average outfielder." At the same time, Billy was learning to analyze his offensive talents, and now he can talk about hitting almost as well as that other Williams, who wrote the definitive book on the subject.

In his first ten seasons with the Cubs, Williams averaged 30 doubles, 29 home runs and 97 runs batted in a year. Yet he was never top banana at Wrigley Field. Ernie Banks was in his prime when Billy came up; Ron Santo then took over as captain and team leader. Williams just did his thing day in and day out. Uncomplaining then, Williams admits now he was frustrated by the lack of attention.

"When you come up to the majors, you're branded," he says. "If you're a quiet guy when you come up, that's your classification as long as you play. It never seems to change."

The reputation Williams did earn in those years stemmed from his willingness to play every game on the Cub schedule; he became known as "Iron Man."

In 1964 Williams, along with teammate Ron Santo, set a league record by playing in 164 games, every scheduled contest plus two ties. Billy was into a stretch of consecutive games played that would give him another league record. Six years later, on April 30, 1970, Billy was in the lineup for his 1000th straight game. His 175-pound body was showing the strain.

"If I had to do it over again I wouldn't," he says. "It hurts you. It hurts your ballclub. You can't be 100 percent all the time. In '64 I

was hit on the shoulder and could hardly swing a bat. In '65 I had a bad back and couldn't bend over. In '69 I hit myself on the right foot with a foul ball. Could hardly walk. Durocher had me pinchhit to keep it alive."

At Atlanta for game No. 1000, Billy learned that the official scorecard for that day would be sent to baseball's Hall of Fame. However he felt about it personally, it was an achievement that deserved a place of honor in league history.

"The next year we played in the Hall-of-Fame-Day game at Cooperstown. I went looking for the scorecard. Couldn't find it. After an hour I finally asked about it. The guy said it must have been misplaced. So I figured it wasn't that much, after all."

In 1970 Williams had his first superstar season. Billy batted .321, led the National League in runs scored (137), total bases (373), tied for the most hits (205), and was second in the league in runs batted in (129) and homers (42).

The 1970 season also saw the end of Billy's consecutive-game stretch. On September 3 he made it 1117 in a row, then took a day off. His "iron man" record stands third in history to New York's Lou Gehrig and Boston's Deacon Scott. Chicago baseball writers touted Williams as the Most Valuable Player of 1970. Gene Mauch said that Billy deserved it. But Johnny Bench won the award, getting 22 of the 24 first-place votes. Williams got the other two, plus the financial reward he was hoping for. Negotiating his 1971 contract without benefit of agent or lawyer, Billy got the Cubs to offer him \$100,000. (This season his salary is \$135,000, making him the highest paid Cub ever.)

"I was disappointed about the MVP," Williams says now. "But Bench had a real good year. And I did reach one of my goals. That contract put me up there with the big boys."

Williams earned his six-figure salary in 1971. He led the Cubs in RBIs, homers, total bases, runs scored and doubles. (*Continued on page 114*)

Once and for all, American Motors wants you to judge which one of these companies has the best new car guarantee.

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Last year American Motors introduced the Buyer Protection Plan.

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They know that we'll back them in their commitment to you, the customer, under the terms of the Buyer Protection Plan.

Besides, they're finding out what we've suspected all along: Build a good strong car with a good strong guarantee and the world will beat a path to your door.



We back them better
because we build them better.

Nate Colbert's baseball career has been built upon what he calls "freak accidents."

He doesn't mean an accident like the one he had back in May, 1971, when Milt Wilcox of the Reds threw a pitch in the vicinity of Nate's skull, but instead hit him in the throat. Colbert promptly raced to the mound, carrying his bat, but somehow restrained himself from clubbing Wilcox to death. "I was insane," Nate says.

Nor does Colbert mean the time he climbed into the stands at a Puerto Rican winter-league game, chasing a fan who had, of all things, swiped a nursing bottle from Colbert's infant son. "I was insane," Nate says.

Nor does Colbert mean the accident of birth which left him lacking certain tissue in his spine which in turn leaves him today with chronic backaches.

By freak accidents, Nate Colbert, six-foot-two, 215 pounds, 27 years old, means just one thing: Home

In '72 Colbert had 38 HRs, 111 RBIs and 15 stolen bases. He can field, throw—do everything but hit for high average.

runs. Any ball hit out of the park is an accident. Colbert believes it. His wife Carol Ann does too. After Carol Ann had their second child, she asked of her husband, "Why don't you hit a homer for our baby daughter and bring me a radio so I can hear you do it?"

Colbert, who insists he practically never tries to hit home runs (which is why each one is a freak accident), tried that day and, in the eighth inning, succeeded. After San Diego beat Atlanta, Colbert rushed to the hospital, looked in on his wife, and said, "Well . . . ?"

Carol Ann Colbert snorted: "You were lucky," she said.

Nate Colbert had the luckiest day of his life on August 1, 1972. During a twi-night doubleheader in Atlanta, he hit five accidents. The five home runs tied Stan Musial's big-league record for a doubleheader, and Nate's 13 RBIs and 22 total bases broke other records. After his fifth home run, as Colbert rounded second base, he said to umpire Bruce Froemming, "I don't believe it," and Froemming said, "I don't either."

Obviously, Nate Colbert is accident-prone. He has hit 127 home runs during his first four seasons at San Diego, a faster home run clip than Johnny Bench after his first four years, or Hank Aaron, or Willie McCovey. That's the essence of Colbert, quietly hitting those freak accidents on a losing team in the silence of San Diego.

Sparky Anderson, Johnny Bench's manager, predicted back in 1969 that Colbert would someday hit 50 home runs in a single year. Three years later, Anderson decided he'd been conservative. "If Nate played in Atlanta, Wrigley Field, Philadelphia, or Montreal," Anderson said, "he would have a good shot at breaking the one-season record." When the Red Sox tried to acquire Colbert this past winter, scout Frank Malzone said, "Nate Colbert is going to hit 35 to 40 homers anywhere he plays, but he should hit more than that in Fenway."

Not that home runs are the only thing Nate Colbert does. He knocks in runs, 111 in 1972, on a club that puts hardly anybody on base. With Wes Parker's retirement, Colbert



may be the best fielding first baseman in the game. He steals bases, 15 of them last year; he may be the fastest big man going from first to third in all baseball. He can play third base or the outfield. There is precious little he cannot do on a ballfield except hit for high average; he hit .250 last year, .254 lifetime. Nate even endures frustration well. On the Padres, he bats fourth, and nobody bats fifth behind him. With a nonentity hitting directly behind a big slugger, a pitcher can work around the slugger. Colbert probably gets fewer good pitches to hit than anybody in baseball today. Johnny Bench says flatly, "I don't see how Colbert does what he does."

There is another problem. Nobody comes to see Colbert play; the Padres drew 644,273 at home last year. There may not be many fans in the stands in San Diego, but they don't make much noise either. So Colbert goes on the road (where the crowds are nearly double San Diego's home crowds), and a baseball writer will ask how it feels to play before empty seats. Colbert will answer that it isn't very thrilling, and

it gets printed that way, and when Colbert arrives home, the press roasts him for knocking San Diego. The Padres' publicity director, Irv Grossman, says to Colbert, "Come on, Nate, just say you were misquoted." Colbert, who happens to be a man of honesty, says, "I can't. I wasn't misquoted."

Still, Nate says he likes playing and living in San Diego. Having nobody in the stands creates less pressure, he claims. "I always say, if a man can't play in San Diego, he can't play anywhere," Nate always says.

He tries to kid himself, but the truth filters through. "I like big crowds," he will admit. "I like playing in San Diego, but I really like it on the road. I hear the jeers, the yelling; I like it when I hear them yelling, 'Get him out.' I keep thinking I'll really be happy when I arrive at the park here in San Diego one day and the parking lot is so full I can't get in."

"Everyone likes to be recognized," he adds. "But that's not the hardest part. Losing is."

There is an Irish poet, Richard Kell, whose poem *Spring Night* speaks of a man who knows he must give to his beloved "nothing half-hearted or ambiguous/But the perfected diamond of my will."

That is what Colbert gives, every day on the ballfield, and what he has given, more or less, all his life. Born with a spine disability, plagued with tendonitis in his throwing elbow, fated once to play for a manager who said he'd never make it in the big leagues—Colbert is one of those old fashioned individualists who overcomes, by taking his gospel out of *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

Actually, you can throw in the power of

his genes, as well. His father, Nathan Colbert Sr., played Negro League ball, both pitching and catching. Nate recalls seeing his father catch one game of a doubleheader and then get out of his squat and pitch the second. After he quit baseball to become a mill worker in St. Louis, the old man stayed in shape. When he was 53, he challenged his teenaged son to a race, and beat him; a few years later, Nate Jr. ran a 9.6 hundred in high school.

Playing ball came easy to Nate. And what Colbert learned, he mainly learned himself. "I spent hours by myself, throwing a ball against a wall, or hitting a ball and retrieving it and hitting it again. Sometimes my father would pitch to me. What my father did was make sure I had good equipment to play with—good gloves, balls, bats. He wanted me to play ball, but he never forced me."

Maybe he never forced, but he knew when to threaten.

One day young Nate hit a ground ball to short and didn't run it out. After the game his father said, "If you ever hit a ball and don't run it out, I won't let you play."

Says Colbert today, "Now I run them all out. It pays off. The infielder relaxes; it's a routine grounder. Suddenly he realizes I'm going all out. He hurries his throw and throws it away. Maybe I get a hit and an error out of it. It happens maybe five times a season, a couple of runs a year."

As a kid, he had other models, besides his father. When Colbert was eight, he took in a doubleheader at Busch Stadium, and Stan Musial hit five home runs against the New York Giants. After the fourth home run, little Nate Colbert said, "I'll never see anybody do that again." Eighteen years later he did it himself.

BY ARNOLD HANO

Nate Colbert Is Definitely ACCIDENT-PRON

ACCIDENT-PRON

CONTINUED

Not that his childhood was total baseball. When Nate was nine, he caught pneumonia and missed classes for a whole year. But he did not miss school. He had each day's lesson brought to him; each night he did his homework. He didn't flunk a class. "I wouldn't let anybody help me. I wanted to do it on my own."

His folks brought him up right. "If I did wrong, my father would whip me. But I was his pick. He saw himself in me. So I didn't get hit much." He also didn't do wrong much.

And he did get in his baseball. He hit .467 through high school, and he led a St. Louis semipro league each summer. He wouldn't accept money from the semipros, though everybody else did. "It wouldn't have been right."

A St. Louis bird dog, George Hasser, asked Nate to hit a few balls at Busch Stadium one day, for manager Johnny Keane. Colbert belted the first pitch off the scoreboard and the next over the roof. Keane said, "How can a kid as skinny as you hit the ball so far? When do you graduate?" Colbert said, "Next June." On a Tuesday in June of 1964, Colbert graduated, and on Friday Joe Monahan of the Cardinal organization arrived at the Colbert house with a contract, and a bonus spread over the years amounting to \$20,000.

Not that his career came easy. His rookie season at Sarasota he hit just two home runs and batted .217. The next year at Cedar Rapids in 285 at bats he struck out 91 times. The Cards did not protect him from the draft, and Houston snatched the youngster on December 5, 1965.

He wasted 1966 with Houston, sitting on the bench the entire season, coming to bat just seven times and failing to get a hit. He remembers that first time up, in the Dome, against Philadelphia. "Jim Bunning was pitching. Their catcher Mike Ryan, said to me, 'Here it comes,

kid.' He was telling me I was going to get a good fastball to hit, down the middle. Except I didn't know what he meant. I took it and Ryan said, 'I can't give you any more.'"

The next pitch was a slider and Colbert ripped it into right center, where John Callison caught it on the warning track. It was the closest he came to a hit that year.

That's not exactly true. He made one big hit. Colbert put in time each summer with the National Guard, and on duty in Oklahoma City in 1966, he went to a ballgame where he was introduced to a good-looking young woman with sparkling eyes and a dimpled smile. Colbert leaned



Nate earns his salary with his bat, not glove, but in '72 he was second among NL first basemen in put-outs and DPs.

forward and said to the dimpled young thing, "I'm going to marry you." Damned if he didn't.

In 1967, Colbert had a big year in Amarillo, leading the league in home runs with 28, and in stolen bases with 26, a combination to make most managers slaver.

Except that the Houston manager, when Colbert came back up in 1968, was Harry Walker, who slaves over the Baltimore Chop.

Harry Walker likes to create players in his own image. In Colbert's case, he nearly destroyed a player.

"I always was a dead pull-hitter," recalls Colbert. "Harry Walker wanted me to hit to right. He made me wait longer for the ball. I always had attacked the ball. Soon he had my timing and my thinking so fouled up I began to clear out the dugouts on the right side. In the past I'd clean them out on the left side."

One day Nate overheard Harry Walker say, "Colbert isn't able to hit big-league pitching."

Confidence is a fragile commodity. "You can destroy a man's confidence," Colbert says. "Harry Walker nearly destroyed mine. I got so confused, I began to doubt myself. I thought I'd never find myself again. I was terrified. Here I was, 22 years old, and I was being told I couldn't play big-league ball."

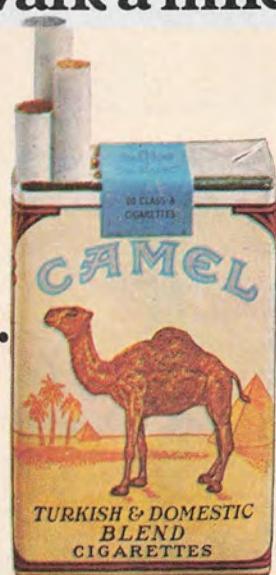
Colbert stumbled through 1968. He got his first big-league hit, a typical Harry Walker basehit, a single through the middle, against Jim Maloney. He had seven other hits, six singles and a double, and a .151 average. Houston sent him down to Oklahoma City for the rest of the year, and then placed him on their expendable list when new franchises were stocked at Montreal and San Diego before 1969. San Diego tapped Colbert, but the Padres also brought up big Bill Davis, from Portland, to play first base.

Davis started the 1969 season, but he wasn't hitting. Colbert got a shot against Houston. He had a good series, and Preston Gomez, managing the Padres then, said the words Colbert will never forget: "Every day you're (Continued on page 94)



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WHEN BY NICK SEITZ **BRAD PARK GETS HURT, EVERY RANGER FEELS THE PAIN**



Brad Park, the young defenseman who leads the New York Rangers in their seemingly endless quest for the Stanley Cup, is controlling the puck in the corner behind his net. Charging at him are Phil Esposito and Wayne Cashman of the defending champion Boston Bruins, each with blackness in his heart and a goal on his mind.

Park tells himself to stay calm, to wait until the two onrushing Bruins commit themselves. He coolly notes the positioning of his teammates and the other Bruins, knowing that somewhere there must be an unguarded Ranger. Now Esposito and Cashman are so close they have to play him, and, at the last possible second, Park slides the puck around the boards to a New York forward waiting alone on the other side. The Rangers suddenly have a three-on-two advantage, and they break toward the Boston zone.

Park's ability to advance the puck out of New York's end is the key to his team's success—especially in the Stanley Cup playoffs, when the checking is closer and defense tends to dominate. Park has the rare capacity to play on either side of the rink and can pass

the puck out or, if necessary, skate it out. He controls the tempo of the game—sometimes speeding it up by rushing up ice, sometimes slowing it down by circling back behind his goal—and he generates the offense as well as anchors the defense.

New York's record-setting scoring line of Jean Ratelle, Vic Hadfield and Rod Gilbert goes nowhere swiftly without defenseman Park—Mr. Park as coach Emile Francis calls him—setting up the attack. To the untrained eye, hockey does not have well defined plays like football. (Hockey may be the one under-intellectualized major sport we have left.) But the plays are there; they simply are harder to follow because the game is so much faster and the patterns unfold in the midst of ongoing action. Park is a thoughtful, sure playmaker, and the forwards appreciate him.

Gilbert: "Brad moves the puck up so we don't have to work like devils in our own end. That leaves us free to concentrate on offense at the other end. He always thinks far ahead of the play and that results in more scoring opportunities for me. Every time he's hurt, we all go into a slump."

Ratelle: "As the centerman, I'm the key to the offense, but first I have to have the puck. Brad gets me the puck."

Hadfield: "He makes the big play that starts us going. He's as important to us as Bobby Orr is to Boston."

So much for solicited testimonials. Reduced to its most succinct terms, the fact of the matter is this: If Park does not control and move the puck, the Rangers do not consistently win against other top teams.

It's another New York-Boston game. Hockey's answer to the Hatfields and McCoys, a fiery vendetta fed marvelously last year by Park's book, in which he called the Bruins undisciplined, brutal and bush—and, besides, had some complimentary things to say.

The huskier, meaner Bruins often have intimidated the more stylish Rangers in recent years. Park says he is never sure which means more to the Bruins, a goal or a resounding body-check. This night in Boston, where the Bruins naturally are more aggressive than on the road, Ranger bodies litter the ice from bruising collisions. The score is 2-2 in the first period,

EVERY RANGER FEELS THE PAIN

CONTINUED

but the Bruins are pounding the Rangers onto the defensive.

Until Park draws a bead on Ace Bailey near Boston's blue line, tricks him into thinking he has extra room on his right, and abruptly thrusts out a hip in that direction to catapult Bailey head over skates. After that, the Rangers beat the Bruins at their own rough game and win, 7-3.

The lost art of the rolling hip check came to Douglas Bradford Park naturally at an early age. When he was 14, he was just five feet tall, so short that bigger opponents were forever flying over his back. The ploy serves him well as a six-foot, 195-pound strongman who gives the well organized, smooth-skating Rangers some of the physical leverage they recently lacked against the bullies of the National Hockey League.

In the heavier milling of the playoffs, when nobody wants to leave his man free for a moment lest a short series be lost, Park's hitting is vital. He is the squad leader in hits, a statistical category kept by Denis Ball, the director of the Ranger farm system. Ball defines a hit as a block emphatic enough to cause the puck to change hands or remove a man from the play, and he calculates that a team needs upwards of 40 hits to win a game. With Park averaging between five and six per game, the Rangers have a smashing start toward victory. A rival coach points out that Park can do one thing the peerless Orr cannot as a defenseman: He can punish you physically.

"I averaged seven to eight hits my first few years in the league," says the 24-year-old Park, now in his fifth season as a Ranger. "I guess I'm getting old."

Also smart. Park has learned to

mete out his blows to maximize the physical and psychological damage to the other team and to minimize his penalties. Park does not like to slam into an opponent if the man still will be able to move the puck. You don't get beat one-on-one, he reasons; you get beat by a good pass.

He prefers to jolt an opponent into the boards in New York's end immediately after the opponent has shot or passed the puck, while he is still the puck carrier and a legal target, not to mention off-balance. The opponent is taken out of the play ("He won't score much from a prone position," suggests Park) and left with negative thoughts for the next time he faces Park.

Unlike many NHL contact-lovers, Park does not make his living picking on shy rookies or gray-haired veterans who have lost a step. He has sailed into the biggest and roughest of them: The Gordie Howes and Bobby Hulls and John Fergusons and Phil Espositos . . . and never from the blind side. Well, almost never.

If check leads to punch, Park isn't one to back away. "I love to fight," he says, a puckish—pardon the word—grin splashing across his almost pudgy baby face. Park has earned the reputation as the toughest Ranger since Lou Fontinato bounced folks around in the 1950s. Again, though, Park has learned to temper his instincts, and if the time is wrong, he isn't going off the ice with a penalty.

In the playoffs, a favorite gambit is for a second-stringer to pick a fight with the other team's big star. If both sit out five or seven minutes, the star's team is at a distinct disadvantage. Park will play

Park controls the tempo of the Rangers' game, speeding it up by rushing or slowing it down by circling behind his net.





EVERY RANGER FEELS THE PAIN

CONTINUED

more than usual in the playoffs, sometimes well over half a game, and a penalty to him could mean a Ranger defeat.

Officiating in the playoffs is more alertly efficient, considering that hockey rules defy enforcement more than those of any other sport, and no matter how mad he is, Park usually pauses to review the score and time before retaliating. If the circumstances for fighting are unfavorable, he files the debt he owes the offender and remembers to repay it, perhaps later in the same game, perhaps the next game. Or even next year. Good hockey players don't forget affronts to their "masculinity." They just toothlessly chew their gum until they can get even.

When the other team gets a penalty, Park is a prime threat to score from the outside point with his screaming lefthanded slap-shot. He doesn't get it away with unusual quickness, but keeps it low and heaves his full weight into the follow-through. His is a "heavy" shot that lands with a loud thud and would leave a greater dent in a metal plate than other shots if a metal plate were the target. Also in a goalie.

Park carefully picks his opportunities, head-faking and stick-handling cleverly, his hard shots often resulting in rebounds that teammates convert into goals. In one recent game he had the astonishing total of ten shots on net, a big number for a winger, let alone a defenseman. Ranger broadcaster Bill Chadwick tells of a night not long ago when one of Park's ferocious slap-shots missed the net but rebounded back from the boards so sharply it caromed off the pads of the goalie for a score before the goalie could even flinch.

The NHL's secret plus-and-minus figures reflect a player's essential

two-way effectiveness through the awarding of a point for a score by his team during his time on ice and the subtracting of a point when the opposition scores. Park ranks solidly in the top ten with a handsome plus-score, testimony to his role as an offensive defenseman who, like Orr, can rush the puck and still play winning defense. Most modern imitators or these two trend-setters, less accomplished puck-carriers, get caught up ice and cost their teams goals. (When Park *does* get trapped in deep, the forward on his side is trained to drop back and cover for him with the second defenseman.)

Being a leader—moving the puck, hitting people, playing extra shifts—leaves Park vulnerable to injuries, and he has suffered several major ones, the most recent a strained knee that knocked him out for 18 games early this season. He thinks to himself that perhaps he takes too many dangerous chances, to live up to his All-Star billing.

He finds himself somewhat more conscious of danger now that he is married to a beautiful woman, Gerry, who has given him an infant son, but he doesn't allow himself to dwell on the injuries or the way they frequently influence the playoffs. Hockey players are always hurt, the extent of their wounds running from severe cuts and bruises to broken bones. Usually they ignore their injuries, particularly in the playoffs.

In probably no other sport is there such an intensification of action in the post-season playoffs as in hockey. For one thing, no other sport has at stake a trophy as old and storied as the Stanley Cup, an unwieldy \$50 item first presented as an amateur prize in Canada in 1896. The cup finals offer the rituals of the handshaking lines and the winners' triumphant tour of the rink with the Cup held aloft, followed

by a summer of sheer adulation in hockey's home country of Canada. In an era of instant sports classics and super events, hyped by professional image makers, the Stanley Cup playoffs carry the validity of decades of torrid contests. Through expansion and television, hockey is trying to plug into new commercial mainstream, of course, and the playoffs seem to have diminished in quality, but the game nonetheless retains a greater respect for its traditions than any other sport.

Instead of following their regular-season practice of going only slightly insane, the crowds turn completely rabid in the playoffs, making the home ice an even more pronounced advantage. Two teams in a best-of-seven series now could meet more often in the playoffs than they do in the regular season—and they will learn the details of each other's strengths and failings, contributing to tight matchups and unpredictable winners. (More often than not, the league champion fails to win the Stanley Cup.)

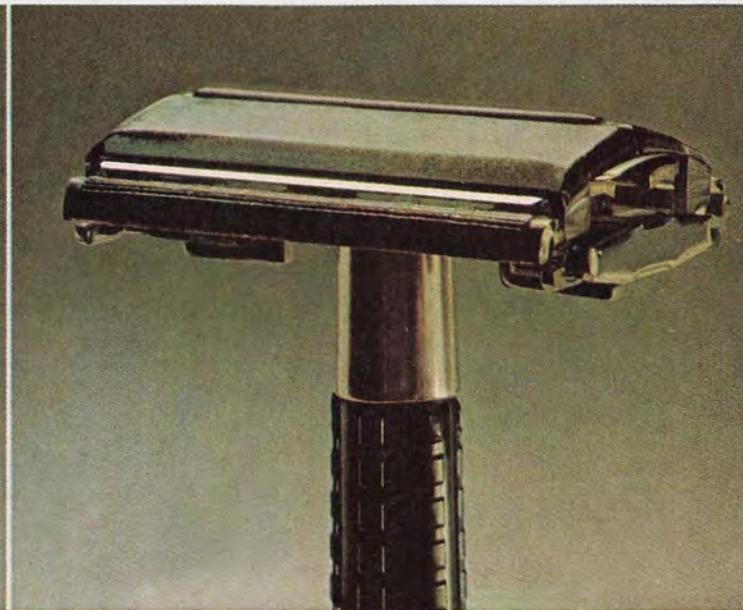
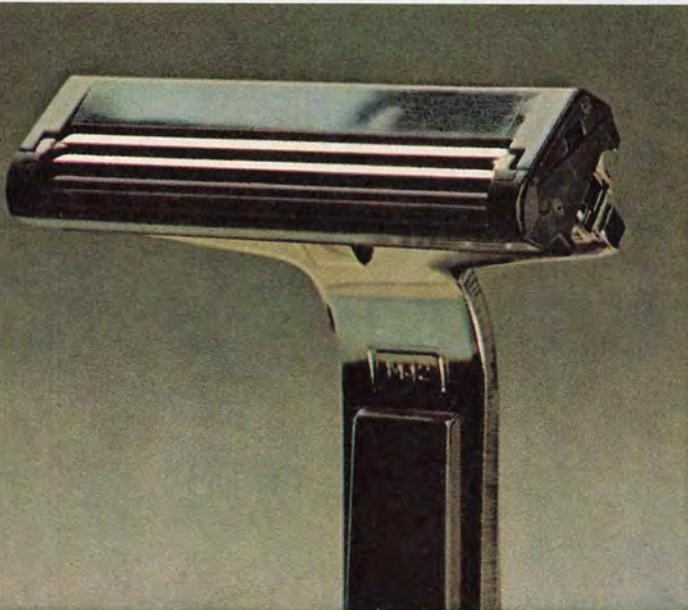
After the first four games, days off keep the players fresher. (A big question this year is whether Park and the other stars who began the season early, representing Team Canada against the U.S.S.R., will tire.) Outstanding team depth and goaltending made Park-led New York an early playoff favorite to topple Boston; so was Montreal, the best skating club—and also surprisingly big and sounder defensively than the Bruins, whose gold mine of Orr hasn't been at full speed. But an axiom of the playoffs is that even the poorest team has a decent chance.

Playoff hockey is more intense too, Park points out, because there are no ties; it's on to sudden death. Detroit and Montreal went a record six extra periods in 1936. In the regular season, a visiting team often will play for a tie, for reasons never made clear enough to me, but in the playoffs there is no easy way out, and the pressure builds steadily.

"During the season, you can afford a mistake," says Park. "During the playoffs, you can't. You win and (*Continued on page 108*)

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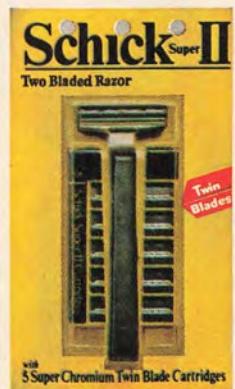
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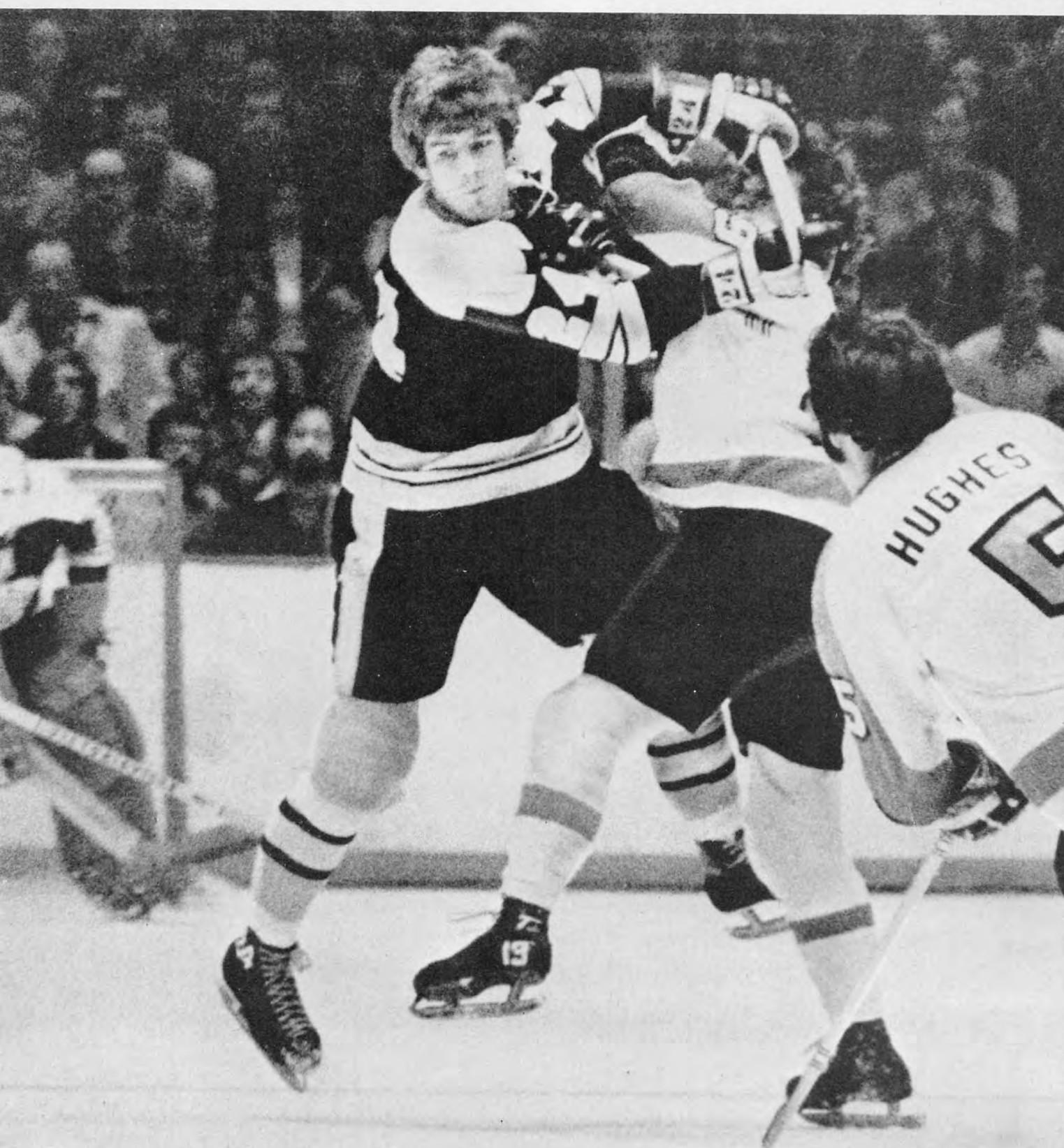
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Terry O'Reilly & THE YOUNG, BAD BRUINS

BY MARTIN F. NOLAN

In the Boston Bruins' locker room, next to the mailbox, sits a cooler stocked with citrus juices, milk and other management-approved liquid refreshments. Terry O'Reilly reached in, took a half-pint of Hood's chocolate, mixed it in a paper cup with a half-pint of homogenized and began to read his fan mail:

Dear Terry O'Reilly:

I think you are one of the best hockey players in the NHL. All of my friends talk about how you check and stick-handle and dig along the boards. I hope I can skate like you when I grow up. We are starting a Terry O'Reilly Fan Club here in Chelmsford and we expect many members. I think you are a terrific hockey player and I hope the Bruins win the Stanley Cup again.

Sincerely yours,

P.S. Could you help me get an autographed picture of Bobby Orr?

"No, I won't give you the kid's name and embarrass him," said

Terry O'Reilly drinks milk, plays chess and, presumably, is kind to old women and children. But not to Philadelphia Flyers.

Terry O'Reilly. "But I get letters like that and they help keep you down to earth."

Keeping down to earth can be rigorous exercise for a Boston rookie. One out of every three of the 1972-73 Bruins—the defending Stanley Cup Champions—is in the National Hockey League for the first time, and the pressure percolates as intensely off the ice as on. New England is a giant helium tent inflating the egos of Bruin heroes. Boston is the fifth largest TV market in the country; radio and cable TV have spread Bruin fever like influenza from Hartford to Halifax; tiny Channel 38 in Boston, which can require the dexterity of a safe-cracker to tune in, has benefited so much from the ultra-high frequency of Bruin mania that its parent, Storer Broadcasting Company, bought the Bruins for \$15 million in December.

For O'Reilly and for every Bruin, this season has been a roller-coaster between first-place euphoria and the drab despair of third place, battling Buffalo and Detroit for the playoffs. Their coach was fired in midseason, the unfamiliar echoes of boos for the home team filled Boston Garden and there was endless spec-

ulation about the age of goaltender Eddie Johnston (37) and the alleged forgetfulness of defenseman Carol Vadnais.

The one constant throughout the season for Bruin followers was the enthusiasm and support for the rookies, especially O'Reilly. The fans liked O'Reilly because he was a remembrance of things past and the thundering apparition of the Big, Bad Bruins. At six-foot-one and 190 pounds, Terry was far from the biggest Bruin, but he seemed always ready to mix it up, as fearless and as fist-ready as Derek Sanderson and Johnny McKenzie.

O'Reilly has been a logical focus of publicity. After all, he plays chess ("Anyone who's any good can beat me"), reads books ("Only the paperbacks that you can get at airports; I liked *The Exorcist*, good and spooky") and at 21, is one of the most eligible Bruins. He and roommate Fred O'Donnell were among the few remaining Bruin bachelors after Bobby Orr announced his engagement to a Florida lass. ("American girls are all right," says O'Reilly, "but after you talk about the difference in accents, the difference in weather and the Bruins, what do you talk about?")

Terry apparently has decided to model himself after the demure manner of Orr rather than follow the flamboyant pattern of Sanderson. "You know, too much of that publicity not only can ruin your hockey," he says, "it can ruin your whole personality." That's a statement of great equanimity for a milkman's son from Oshawa, Ontario, elevated to the varsity after just one year in the minor leagues. O'Reilly played for the Bruins' Boston farm team last season after being picked high in the amateur draft in 1971.

Boston is the only major-league club sharing ice and affection with its own minor-league team in the American Hockey League, the Boston Braves. Every Brave rookie who skates onto the Boston Garden ice wonders whether he will graduate to that peculiar pantheon of hockey heroes, hon- (Continued on page 90)

Dennis Hull: Out Of Bobby's Shadow

BY DAVID ISRAEL

Jack Patterson is a hockey man. He has been a scout for the Detroit Red Wings hockey team for the last 13 years. Before that, he was a hockey official. He has spent his whole adult life watching men and boys play hockey.

Early in the 1972-73 season, Jack Patterson was in Chicago Stadium watching the Black Hawks play the Philadelphia Flyers, a Sunday night

game. In the afternoon, he was in St. Louis Arena, watching the Blues play the New York Rangers. When somebody asked him why he rushed over to Chicago, he said, "Well, I was in the neighborhood, so I figured I'd drop by."

Between the first and second periods, Patterson got to talking about the Black Hawks and, as usual in this first year of the World

Hockey Association, about Bobby Hull. Someone asked Patterson what the loss of Bobby Hull to Winnipeg would mean to the Hawks. It was a silly question, because everyone knew, basically, what it meant. It meant 50 goals would have to be replaced, it meant less interesting hockey, but it didn't mean the loss of first place in the Western Division of the National Hockey League. The Chicago Black Hawks finish first from habit now. Logically, the conversation turned to a more complex question, to the skills and style of Bobby Hull's kid brother, Dennis.

Dennis Hull hadn't been playing well, he'd been enduring an early season slump. At the time, Hull was playing left wing on a line that had Pit Martin at center and Jim Pappin at right wing. Later in the season, the Hull-Pippin-Martin line would become one of the best in hockey. But in six turns on the ice during the first period of that game against Philadelphia, the Hull-line produced only two shots on goal—and neither of them turned on the red light.

Still, Patterson wasn't really bothered by Hull's failure. He had been watching Dennis Hull play hockey since the 1964-65 season, when Dennis left the Junior-A St. Catherine's TeePees to become a



Chicago Black Hawk. Patterson knew Hull would regain his top form eventually. And Dennis Hull at his peak was worth waiting for.

"When he's going good, he doesn't wind up," Patterson said. "He gets his shot away fast. His slap-shot isn't as hard as Bobby's, but it's a heavy shot, one that goaltenders claim can bust right through them—through their pads or gloves."

Dennis Hull has more than power going for him; he plays a smart game.

"He plays his position, he plays his lane," Patterson added. "You can look for him and he'll be there. Whereas a guy like Jim Pappin wanders off his right wing and will maybe push the play in the wrong direction, Dennis is always where he's supposed to be."

"How would I sum up Dennis? Dennis is a problem—a goaltender's problem."

Dennis Hull is a goaltender's problem primarily because of his slap-shot. His slap-shot comes low and hard. It comes quickly—sometimes quicker than a goalie's reflexes. Besides, Dennis is one of the fastest skaters in the National Hockey League—and his speed up the ice makes his slap-shot more devastating. Many players stop and wind up before they shoot. Dennis unleashes

his slap-shot in midstride. He skates across his opponents' blueline at 25 or 30 miles an hour, charging the net as he whacks at the puck, in position for a rebound that often doesn't come.

If the Hull slap-shot is working early in the game, it can change the whole tempo of play, even if Dennis fails to score.

"It can affect a goaltender if early in the game Hull gets away four or five shots and they're accurate and high," Patterson said. "He can get a goaltender thinking. And maybe the goalie won't play so well. He'll just be thinking too much about Hull's high slap-shot."

Gary Edwards of the Los Angeles Kings is one of those goaltenders who thought too much. One night, after losing to the Black Hawks, 2-0, Edwards was sitting in his cubicle in the steamy locker room underneath Chicago Stadium unbuckling the fat brown leather leg pads around his calves. Edwards is a little man with a receding hairline, a nose flattened by too many missed shots off the sticks of players like Dennis Hull.

"Hull's slap-shot goes a little higher than most guys'," Edwards said. "By going higher it hurts you more. That's all. It hits you in the

arms, the head, the body."

"He's tall. He has a big swing, but he's not erratic. You'd be surprised how often other people miss the net compared to him. And it's a little more difficult when you skate like him to be accurate than it is for those guys who stand still and set their feet before they shoot."

"Are you ever afraid when a guy like Hull shoots?" Edwards was asked.

"There's fear, sure," he answered. "I'd be crazy if I wasn't afraid. His shot goes 115 miles an hour. That can make a mess of your face. It can make a real good mess if it hits you."

But there is more to Dennis Hull than a very neat slap-shot that can make an awful mess. Hull plays his position. He backchecks. He forechecks. He passes well. He sees the game. He is the kind of player opposing coaches covet.

Bob Pulford became head coach of the Kings this year after 16 NHL seasons as a forward with the Toronto Maple Leafs and Los Angeles. "Dennis is the type of player who is dangerous no matter who he's playing," Pulford said. "If

Dennis' slap-shot isn't as hard as Bobby's, but after 66 games this season it had streaked past netminders for 35 goals.



Dennis Hull

CONTINUED

it is a close checking club he still plays his game. He's an honest player. He goes up and down the ice and does his job. I like him because he's an honest player—he gives you the same game every time."

Patterson. Edwards. Pulford—they are hockey people, they understand the game, they find sense amid the confusion. They are not people who watch the game for the fights. They find the fights a bane, a waste of good time, a waste of energy that could better be put to

use skating or checking or shooting.

On the other hand, the people who pay money to watch Black Hawk hockey games at Chicago Stadium are not "hockey people." They live out in the sedate suburbs—and travel to the arena for the action. They come to witness a spectacle—the hitting, the speed, the fights. They don't much care for the subtleties—the position play or the forechecking. And they don't much care for Dennis Hull, either. Not even now that Bobby has gone, that Dennis is the left wing on one of the best lines in all of hockey. These fans resent Dennis because his name isn't Bobby. They still see him as he was years ago—young, awkward, prone to make mistakes from inexperience. They can't forget that once in a while he would trip over nothing and tumble to the ice. They resent him, these fans who think the ice is fine when there are two cubes

in every glass.

And they never let Dennis forget their resentment. Dennis will never really forget the boos. These fans have scarred him permanently, and while the scars may fade, they will never quite disappear.

"I really couldn't care less about fans one way or the other," Hull says now. "I play for my team, the Chicago Black Hawks. All that matters is what the coach says. It doesn't matter what the fans say."

But, of course it does matter. It mattered most when Dennis Hull was 19 years old, in the fall of 1964, and a rookie with the Black Hawks. He had had no minor-league experience, he had come straight from Junior-A hockey, from the same St. Catherine's TeePee team that had produced, among other Chicago stars, "the great Bobby Hull." When Dennis arrived, Bobby was already a legend. (*Continued on page 118*)



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Craig Morton arrived in Texas in 1965, a little too late to help out at the Alamo, but just in time to save the Dallas Cowboys. Which was what he was supposed to do.

Morton was a real California Golden Boy, the son of a glass blower, up from the prune orchards of Campbell, California, by way of the ski slopes of Lake Tahoe. The Cowboys shelled out \$148,000, to be spread over three years, to get him, and he was going to make the whole Southwest forget Don Meredith.

"Is it true," said a friend of mine named White, "that they found him in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes?"

His rookie year, Morton and some other bachelor Cowboys rented apartments in a swanky building in a part of town where airline stewardesses were thick as sitting ducks. Another friend of mine, a young financier named Skidmore, found himself poolside one day at the Cowboys' place. As Skidmore told the story, he was just sitting there, enjoying the gin and scenery, when this uncommonly handsome man with bulging muscles, blue eyes and curly blond hair leaned over his chair and, in a voice so warm and sincere it might have been Temptation itself, asked, "Can I get you anything?"

"I knew right then," Skidmore said later, "that here was Mr. Wonderful. Morton is really, truly, genuinely, authentically wonderful. He is too wonderful to admit it, but I am here to tell you. He wears wonderful clothes on that wonderful body, and he smells like a candle shop. He dates wonderful women, and he treats them like queens. He has a wonderful stereo and a wonderful collection of records. He has read Ken Kesey. Is that not wonderful?"

"What I want to know," said White, "is can he hit the side of a barn with a tractor?"

"Who cares?" cried Skidmore, and now there was no way you could miss the sarcasm. "Don't

Mr. Wonderful's Almost Wonderful Season

BY GARY CARTWRIGHT

you see? He's *wonderful!*"

Before Craig Morton arrived in Texas, the Cowboys never had a winning season. Since Craig Morton arrived in Texas, the Cowboys have never had a losing season. If you think you detect a cause-and-effect relationship, forget it. Ralph Neely, Dan Reeves, Bob Hayes and Jethro Pugh arrived in Dallas the same year; they flourished. Morton suffered. There came a time, sure enough, when he couldn't hit the side of a barn.

His first four years in Dallas, Morton labored behind Don Meredith. Then, in 1969, he became the Cowboys' regular quarterback. The same year, he wrecked his shoulder in combat. The next year, he wrecked his elbow.

Some people say the elbow injury was a direct result of the shoulder injury, that Craig pushed himself too hard, too fast. (One story, never verified, was that a team doctor rewired the damaged

shoulder with a section of muscle transplanted from Morton's big toe; the story is probably untrue.) Strange things began to happen. Craig would drop back, set up and fire a well-placed bullet—into his center's butt. Or a linebacker would shoot in from the blind side and, in a perverted variation on the old Statue of Liberty play, take the ball from Morton and gallop for a touchdown.

Other things happened, personal things. Morton made the mistake of picking a fight with the wrong guy in a New York bar; when Craig stepped outside, Mafia thugs beat him up. His best friend and business partner tapped the till, and Craig was forced to declare bankruptcy on two campus bookstores in California. The Internal Revenue Service found great gaps in his tax returns and began camping on his doorstep.

What followed was shellshock. A less complicated man—a Roger Staubach. (Continued on page 98)



"Hi. We're the Uniroy

Uni: We leap off ramps through flaming hoops, do hairpin turns, near collisions, 2-wheel driving. That's how we demonstrate the strength and traction of Uniroyal Steel Belted Radials. Watch for us on TV.

Roy: Daring we may be, but dumb we're not. If we couldn't count on Uniroyals in hairy situations, we wouldn't take their money. We're not looking for grief.

JUMP

UniTire Thrill Drivers."



Al: So if you want to feel the same confidence on the road as we do on the track, even in rain or freeway traffic, get yourself some Uniroyals. We use 'em. And we don't like to push our luck.

UNIROYAL



THE MIDNIGHT COWBOYS & SOMETIMES THEY STAY UP LATER



BY PETER GENT

I know this old gal from Fort Worth, who I like a lot. Her momma and her sisters were all barrel-racing rodeo queens. Her daddy roped calves, broke horses, fixed cars and drank a lot of whiskey. This old gal's name is Joe. (Her daddy was expecting a boy; gives you some idea of a calf-roper's temperament.) She was the main reason I ended up at the 77th edition of the Southwestern Exposition, Fat Stock Show and Rodeo in Fort Worth, Texas. It was the end of January this year.

I would like to be among the first to exalt rodeo as the next elitist sport. It is the complete spectacle and it is American Heritage on the hoof. Individualism reaches its ze-

nith as lonely, skinny cowboys climb on 1500-pound bulls to prove themselves. The best cowboys are ranked according to one objective criterion—money. The cowboy who makes the most money is the best. To make that money, he will live a killing schedule, hitting upwards to 100 rodeos a year (often as many as four in one week). Cowboys batter themselves to pieces as they rush headlong up against rank livestock, cheap whiskey and bad roads. It's amazing to watch. I think rodeo comes as close as anything to explaining the proud, manic and often directionless force that seems to drive this country. The will to succeed.

I predict that in the next few

years real sports fans will be squandering their inflationary wealth following the rodeo circuits. In private planes and cars, horseback and afoot, the true fan will follow the rodeo cowboy on his nomadic trek. Rodeo society will be likened to the Mexican Army. The idea will be to be the best rodeo fan . . . to be footloose with the most style. No longer will the sports fan invest in immovable stadium seats; he will join this pilgrimage of "the old frontier values" as it makes its yearly visits to rekindle that national flame that may have existed only in a few incredibly resilient imaginations. Ranging through the American West and Canadian provinces to hit all the big ones—Cheyenne, Den-



THE MIDNIGHT COWBOYS

CONTINUED

ver, Fort Worth, Calgary—the fan would get to meet real honest-to-God cowboys (no cheap vicarious electronic football thrills for him). Polite New York cocktail conversation will revolve around whether Descent or Midnight was the greatest bucking horse of all-time. (Descent was chosen Bucking Horse of the Year in 1972. It's his fifth title for those of you who are interested in getting the jump on the guys down at the office.) Or whether Mahan, Lyne or Shoulders was the greatest cowboy. (Phil Lyne won the most money in a single season—over \$60,000. Larry Mahan won the most consecutive All-Around Cowboy Championships—five. Jim Shoulders has been around the longest and won a whole lot of stuff. All this information should get you a promotion. And if your boss is from Hugo, Oklahoma, tell him you know Ernie Taylor. He's the leading calf-roper.)

I expect shortly Namath will be replaced by a minotaur sort of crea-

ture that will be part bull, part horse and part cowboy. In Scarsdale and Cleveland, fathers will spend hours with their sons teaching them how to "reach" for that calf and then "grab slack."

After all, deep down, don't you want to be a cowboy?

Before I went to Fort Worth, I had some background research at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City in December, so I wasn't completely uninformed about rodeo. I'll pass along a little terminology before continuing the story. It'll make things easier.

AAC—All-Around Cowboy, the cowboy who compiles the most total cash winnings in two or more events.

RCA—The Rodeo Cowboys Association, began as a contestants' brotherhood in 1936 (The Cowboy Turtle Association) with 61 cowboys on the original charter, now boasts a membership of 3000. Dis-

tributed over \$4 million in prize money to cowboys in 1972. In 1936, staged the first pro athlete strike since Spartacus, against a Madison Square Garden rodeo producer.

NFR—National Finals Rodeo, the top 15 money-winning cowboys in each of the five standard events compete for a purse of \$120,000 in this "World Series of Rodeo." A NFR Champ is crowned in each event.

Cowboy Up—Prepare oneself to do a difficult to impossible task, ride an unridden bull or horse, drive nonstop from Fort Worth to Scottsdale on four bald tires and a leaky radiator in time to get trampled by some animal, drink a fifth of Wild Turkey, take another guy's girl.

Hazer—A cowboy who rides along beside a steer on the opposite side from the steer wrestler to keep the steer from running away from the steer wrestler's horse.

Rank—Mean, vicious, murderous. "He's a rank bull."



Rodeo scenes, from left: Dallas Cowboy Walt Garrison, backed by two cowboys; top money-winner Phil Lyne bullriding; Garrison with "hawg," then bulldogging. Right, Larry Mahan on "rank" bull.

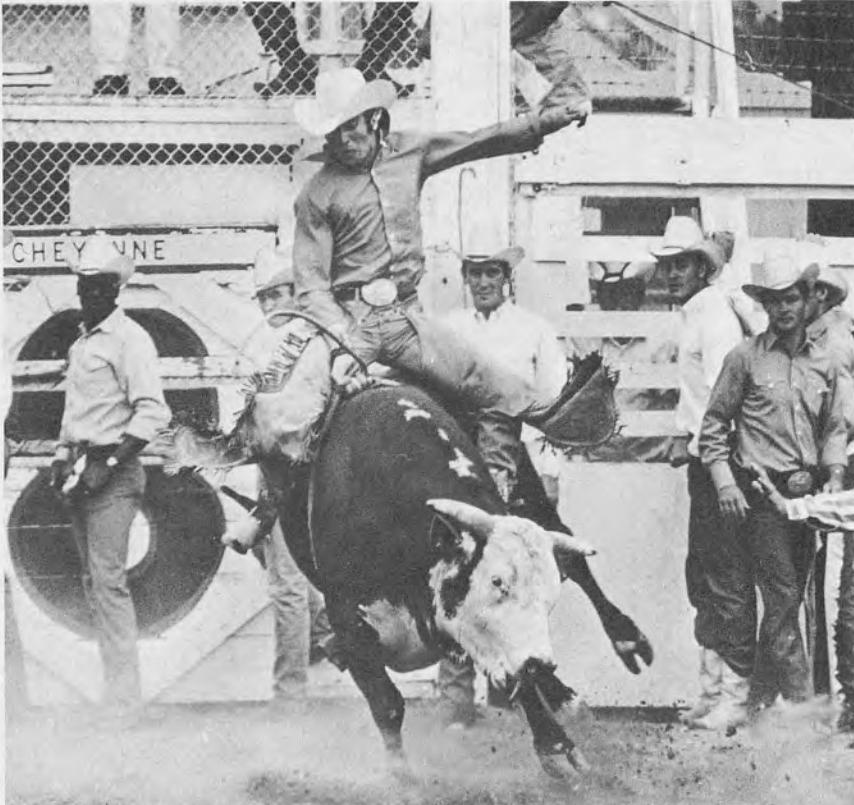
Hawg—A bull, horse, car, hog, girl. "She was some hawg." Usually having some unusual virtue.

Grabbing Slack—Refers to a move made by calf-ropers. After the loop is around the animal's neck, the roper grabs the lariat out of the air and pulls the noose tight. Also refers to calf-ropers' attempts to stretch a three-day drunk into four.

Day Money—The prize money paid to the winners of each go-round.

Go-Round—That part of the rodeo which is necessary to allow each cowboy to compete on one head of stock. The number of go-rounds varies from rodeo to rodeo. Fort Worth had three go-rounds. The NFR had ten go-rounds.

Average—Prize money paid to contestants who had best average times or (*Continued on page 122*)



They both came out of New York City high schools with relatively little fanfare. Neither was heavily recruited by the major colleges, and both wound up at Providence. One of them, Lenny Wilkens, didn't really think he'd make it as a pro; almost nobody thought the other, Mike Riordan, would make it. Yet each drove himself beyond reasonable endurance, and each established himself in the National Basketball Association. They are the solid men

A Pair From of their teams, Wilkens in Cleveland and Riordan in Baltimore.

PROVIDENCE: CLEVELAND'S Lenny Wilkens BALTIMORE'S Mike Riordan

BY PETE AXTHELM

BY CHARLEY ROSEN

Lenny Wilkens plays with a delicate mixture of control and reckless abandon. He surveys the entire court with a cool, unperspiring gaze, dictating the tempo and directing the flow of the action, yet always ready to hurl his six-foot-one body into swarms of bigger men in a bruising drive to the basket. He knows just what is happening around him, and precisely when to initiate a sudden darting move that *makes* things happen. He has no classic jump shot and few of the breath-grabbing gyrations that pro basketball fans expect of their star backcourt men. Lenny Wilkens' game is a subtler art form, built on sly quickness, courage and, most of all, brains.

The style was born more than two decades ago alongside the tattered wire fences that surrounded Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant playgrounds, where, as a shy and skinny teenager, Wilkens would wait with other marginal athletes, watching, learning and always hoping that the flashier neighborhood stars might invite him to fill out a pickup game. It was a pressure-filled situation, in which one misplay might condemn him to the sidelines for another long hot afternoon; and failure came often to Wilkens.

When he tried out for the Boys High team as a

One thousand screaming kids had paid out 1000 wrappers from Mars candy bars for the privilege of attending a Baltimore Bullets basketball clinic. It was ten o'clock on a Saturday morning in Silver Spring, Maryland, and while the Bullets sat and suffered, a grandmotherly matron in a red pants suit welcomed the urchins. "But before we meet the"—she glanced at her notes—"the Baltimore Bullets, let me tell all of you boys and girls about something really important."

Stan Love, the Bullets' resident flake, opened his eyes wide.

"Mars candy," said the red pants suit, "has come up with a wonderful new treat I'm sure you'll all enjoy. It's called Munch Peanut Brittle. Tell your mommies and daddies to go to the store and get some."

Stan Love pretended to gag, violently. "I always get nervous before clinics," he explained.

The clinic got underway with a question-and-answer session. The first query came from a Cub Scout: "Is it true that Mike Riordan has a map of Ireland tattooed on his belly?"

"No," said coach Gene Shue, the quizmaster.

"It's on his face," came the chorus from the Baltimore bench.



SPORT SPECIAL

Dave Cowens is hustle personified, which leads our author to speculate that Cowens may someday become the first martyr of the basketball court

DAVE COWENS DOESN'T PLAY HARD ...HE KILLS HIMSELF

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

I know how Dave Cowens is going to die.

It is sometime in the future, the fourth quarter of the seventh game of a National Basketball Association playoff series; say, Boston against Los Angeles, a tight game. The Celtics are on defense. Cowens, ranging far from the basket, is harassing the guards, then moving back to battle Wilt Chamberlain. With a split second of freedom, Gail Goodrich moves behind a screen and shoots.

Suddenly, Cowens leaps far above the five-inch-taller Chamberlain and slams the shot away. Before his feet come back to the floor, he is turning, moving toward the ball. His red hair flying, his mouth agape with effort, Cowens takes the ball the length of the court, twists himself into the air, stuffs the ball through the hoop—and on the way down hangs himself on the rim of the basket.

Given the insatiable appetite of sportswriters and fans for the heroic gesture, it is possible to imagine a quasi-religious cult emerging from such a glorious demise. Perhaps teammates would begin murmuring, "Cowens Died For Our Sins." Or the Boston crowd, before each game, would recite chants spun from the clichés that surround Dave Cowens.

"He came to play."

"Amen."

"He plays both ends of the court."

"Amen."

"He puts out 100 percent at all times."

"Amen."

"Aggressive, a hustler."

"Amen."

Whether Dave Cowens becomes the Martyr of Boston Garden is best left to fantasy. Reality is remarkable enough. At the age of 24, in only his third year as a Celtic, Cowens has already:

- Led Boston to one of the best won-lost records in NBA history.
- Established himself as a leading contender for the Most-Valuable-Player award.
- Helped the Celtics draw the greatest attendance in their history, perhaps permanently destroying Boston's traditional indifference to professional basketball.
- Won the Most-Valuable-Player award in the East-West All-Star game.
- Outplayed, at one time or another, every other center in the league.
- And perhaps—just *perhaps*—suggested a re-shaping of pro basketball as fundamental as the change generated by the "big-man" centers, Bill Russell and

Chamberlain, 15 years ago.

The easiest thing to write about Cowens is that he runs all the time, with untiring effort, fighting, scrapping, ball-hawking, rebounding. Sportswriters frequently call Cowens a six-foot-eight John Havlicek or compare him with New York Knick forward Dave DeBusschere, Havlicek and DeBusschere being veterans who seem biologically incapable of relaxation on the court.

Yet there is much more to Dave Cowens than simply effort. It is that his attitude is fused with a remarkable breadth of skills. When you watch a ballplayer, over a period of a few weeks, outrun Calvin Murphy, out-muscle Willis Reed, steal the ball from Walt Frazier, out-hook Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and out-rebound Wilt Chamberlain, you are not talking about sheer hustle. You are talking about achievement. And while it is foolhardy to say that Cowens is now the best center in basketball, it is fair to say that no other center does as many things as well as Dave Cowens. A team does not go into the final stretch of the NBA season with an .800 record on willpower; it is Cowen's ability, linked to the near-lethal pace of his play, that has made the Celtics into a top team less than three years after their sudden drop from championship to mediocrity.

"Dave Cowens is the most improved player on the Celtics," says Los Angeles Laker Jerry West. "He's made the difference on defense with blocked shots and aggressiveness."

"He does everything a ballplayer can do," says the Knicks' Jerry Lucas. "You can't ask anything more of a player than what Cowens gives you."

"He's six-eight, but he jumps as well as the bigger guys," comments Havlicek.

"Dave does something [Bill] Russell couldn't do," says Sam Jones, who helped make the earlier Celtics the greatest team in professional sports history. "He can come outside and shoot."

A rebounder, a shooter, an intimidator on defense—what is Cowens' unique gift? The answer, I think, is that there is none. It is the unique mix that makes Cowens remarkable. The statistics tell you that, with more than 20 points and just under 17 rebounds a game, he is one of the top 20 scorers and top five rebounders in the NBA. But to watch Cowens display his range of skills tells you far more than a sheet of paper.

Not long ago, Boston played the Houston Rockets, who had just beaten the Knicks and the Milwaukee Bucks back to back under a new coach, Johnny Egan. If ever a team figured to be "up" for a game, it was Houston. Within the first quarter of that contest, Cowens:

- Hit a one-hander from 20 feet.

- Grabbed a rebound and threw a pass half the length of the court, triggering a three-point play.

- Slapped the ball away from Jack Marin, raced with the fast break downcourt, and hit a running jump shot from the top of the key.

- Switched on defense and stole the ball from Calvin Murphy to set up another fast break.

- Crashed the boards for a rebound, then threw the ball the full length of the court to Havlicek for a lay-up.

By the time the quarter ended, Boston led, 47-24. Before the one-sided game ended, Cowens also hit hook shots from 16 and 18 feet, a 22 foot one-hander, a tip-in off a Paul Silas miss, plus a few less spectacular baskets. Apart from these specifics, there is also Dave's ferocious defensive play. Celtic guard Jo Jo White describes the impact of Cowens when the other team has the ball:

"Cowens is unbelievably quick for a center. When he comes out, he'll switch and put his hand way out. With lots of centers—Wilt and Jabbar, for instance—they don't like to come way out. They'll move a little bit and then sag right back. So all you have to do is hesitate, wait for them to drop back, and then move around the screen and shoot."

"With Dave," White says with a smile, "a guard really doesn't want any part of that monster shouting at him and waving his arm. They want to pick up the ball and get rid of it. And that gives you a chance to knock it away and run a break. We break with five guys—most teams break with two or three. If you're a center, you don't want to spend all day running up and down the court with Dave."

"He's super-quick," says Celtic coach Tommy Heinsohn. "He's almost a throwback to the days when there was no big man in the pivot."

T

here is a special fascination in watching Cowens play basketball. He is constantly prowling the court, his eyes darting from center to ballhandler and back again, now skipping out to break up the flow of an offense, now crashing the boards for an impossible rebound, now driving around a momentarily sleepy defensive player, now stretching himself full length to pop a one-handed shot. He is a living demonstration of Newton's first law: A body in motion tends to remain in motion. Cowens occasionally defies Newton's better-known law, the one about gravity.

Yet Cowens is no superman. He is capable of nights of bad shooting, several games of bad play. He does not always win "the big one"; in the 1972 playoffs against the Knicks, and in a crucial weekend series at the end of January against New York, Dave was outplayed by both Willis Reed and Jerry Lucas.

What he is is an extraordinarily gifted player whose skills are exactly matched with the style of his team; a quiet, unflamboyant individual who is utterly deter-

mined never to lose; and a performer who is helping to accomplish what once would have seemed impossible: Making basketball a first-rank sport in the hockey-crazed city of Boston, Massachusetts.

There were no ruffles and flourishes when Dave Cowens signed a three-year contract with the Celtics in 1970. Boston had just finished its worst year of basketball in memory; in the first year after player-coach Bill Russell retired, the Celtics posted a sixth-place, 34-48 record. For the first time in 20 years, the perennial champions had not even made the playoffs.

As for Cowens, his outstanding play at Florida State University—an 18.9 scoring average, a .519 shooting percentage, and a million rebounds—went largely unheralded by the national press, because the school was on NCAA probation and did not play in the publicity-drawing post-season tournaments.

Nor did Cowens have any press build-up as a high school player. This was perfectly reasonable, since he did not begin playing high school basketball until his junior year, preferring baseball and swimming (he competed in the 100-yard backstroke and the 200-yard freestyle). But in the summer between his sophomore and junior years, his growth from a six-footer to six-foot-five and the presence of a new coach persuaded Dave to try basketball. He was good enough his senior year to bring Newport (Kentucky) Catholic High School to the state championship tournament, and to win a scholarship to Florida State.

"We played a fast-break, pressing-defense game," Cowens recalled. "I'd go from harassing an in-bounds pass to picking up the ballhandler to running back to half-court. It's the only way I've ever played basketball, and the only way I like to play."

It is also the way Celtic general manager Red Auerbach likes his teams to play. He scouted Cowens personally, and signed him to a three-year contract. (It expires this year, at which time Cowens will be in the strongest bargaining position since General Grant.) Auerbach's original plan was to use Cowens as forward, or as a temporary center until a permanent replacement for Russell could be found. It seemed logical, since Cowens had played both facing, and with his back to, the basket. But after watching Cowens' strength and jumping, Auerbach and Heinsohn changed their minds.

"There was the matter of his attitude," Auerbach recalls. "You could see that nobody was going to tell this kid he couldn't do something if he wanted to do it, and Cowens obviously wanted to play center."

He proved his intentions—and his capacity to make good on those intentions—even before the start of his rookie season. At the annual Maurice Stokes Memorial game at Kutsher's resort in the summer of 1970, Cowens scored 32 points and was voted the game's most valuable player.

He averaged 17 points and 15 rebounds a game in his rookie season (seventh in the NBA in rebounds)

and tied with Geoff Petrie of Portland for Rookie-of-the-Year honors. More important, the Celtics finished with a 44-38 record in the '70-'71 season, although that record meant only a third-place finish and no spot in the playoffs.

There were also frustrations and lessons to be learned.

"I had an attitude, a feeling I never was a shooter, I couldn't shoot a lick," Cowens says. "So I'd have a shot and wouldn't take it. My teammates told me, 'You've got to shoot. It'll come. You miss ten in a row, you'll make it up.' It was something I had to learn.

"But you're learning all the time. That first year, I remember one game when Gus Johnson just took me to the cleaners. I'd come out, he'd drive right by me. I'd hang back, he'd shoot over me. It's just things you learn."

Cowens was also learning that NBA officials tend to look with suspicion on a rookie's aggressiveness. He was called for 350 personal fouls (tops in the NBA) and fouled out in 15 games (second highest). He continued his whistle-baiting play into his second season, drawing 314 fouls and fouling out ten times. This was, however, not the only bit of consistency in Cowen's 1971-72 performance. He increased his scoring average to 18.8 points, increased his field-goal percentage to .484, and won himself a berth on the East All-Star team, where he scored 14 points and got 20 rebounds.

Once again, however, it was what happened to the Celtics that highlighted Cowens' value. They finished with a 56-26 mark and first place in the NBA's Atlantic Division. Then, in the playoffs, Boston beat Atlanta in six games before losing to the Knicks in five.

"Dave simply did not have a good series," recalls a member of the Celtics' family. "Lucas was shooting—and hitting—from 20 to 25 feet out, and Dave did not have the option of coming out from the low post the big men play and switching."

Despite the loss to the Knicks, the Celtics were back as contenders—and Cowens had established himself, after only two years in the league, as an outstanding player. Apart from his season's statistics, there were several outstanding individual games: 37 points against the Milwaukee Bucks, the All-Star game in which he blocked two shots by Jabbar and tied the game with ten seconds to go (Jerry West won it for the West with a shot at the buzzer), 32 points and 21 rebounds against Baltimore, 26 points and 20 rebounds to eliminate Atlanta from the playoffs, and a 23 point, 16 rebound performance in the Celtics' only playoff win against New York.

In the summer of 1972, the Celtics made a trade that helped turn Cowens from very good to superstar: They gave the rights to Charlie Scott to Phoenix for Paul Silas, a 29-year-old, six-foot-seven inch forward

with a rebounding average of 12 per game. Silas became the "sixth man" of the Celtic offense—a job John Havlicek had held for years—coming in for starter Don Nelson. The acquisition meant that Cowens did not have to handle the rebounding chores on his own.

"Silas took some of the rebounding pressure off Dave," coach Heinsohn says, "and you see that on defense. But it also let Cowens move out further on offense, and with his outside shooting getting better, it gives our whole offense more variety."

"Basically," says Cowens, "Paul gives me the chance to free-lance more. He makes it easier for me to play the kind of game I like to play."

This season has been the kind of season the Celtics like, the kind they have not seen since the days of Russell. They won 40 of their first 47 games, doing it with the classic Boston pattern: Running the other team into the ground. The Celtics are a team of opportunity. They prefer to score off a fast break, rather than by moving their men in a pattern offense as the Knicks do. This requires, among other things, a defense that makes its opportunities, by stealing, knocking the ball away, and rebounding consistently off the defensive boards. With John Havlicek, the Celtics have a consistent high scorer; with Chaney and White, they have a good shooter and ballhandlers at the guards. What makes them different is that their center *runs*. Opposing big men who are used to taking an occasional breather by hanging back after a fast break starts will not find Cowens keeping them company. This means that the Celtics have a number of advantages: An extra rebounder on the offensive boards if the shot off the fast break does not go; another outside shooter if the fast break is shut off; and a most disheartening influence on the opposing center, who has the choice of either running with Cowens or feeling like a man on the sixth day of a five-day deodorant pad. (In Boston's 120-96 win over the Milwaukee Bucks in February, Cowens twice left Jabbar flat-footed and took the ball the length of the court for baskets.)

By running—and winning—the Boston Celtics with Dave Cowens are simply keeping faith with a long-standing Celtic tradition, going back to the days of Cousy, Russell, Sharman, Heinsohn, and then-coach Auerbach. There is, however, a difference that is starting to emerge. The current Celtics have more of one thing than their illustrious predecessors: Fans.

To understand how significant this is, you have to understand the strange legacy of the Celtics, and the curious role played by perhaps the greatest basketball player who ever lived: William F. Russell.

The Celtics are a bittersweet fusion of triumph and frustration. As a sports franchise, they are the greatest

artistic success in the history of professional sport. From the time Bill Russell returned from the 1956 Olympics and joined Boston in midseason, to the time he retired as player-coach in 1969, the Celtics won 11 NBA championships in 13 years. They won eight of those championships in a row; nine years in a row, they won their division championship.

There is nothing like that record. The Montreal Canadiens of the late 1950s, the Green Bay Packers of the 1960s, the New York Yankees of the '40s, '50s, and early '60s, all were supreme in their sports. None of those teams could win eight straight championships.

And yet, the Fates have seen fit to place this extraordinary Celtic team in a city whose residents seem to see basketball as something to watch while waiting for the ice to freeze. The greatest basketball dynasty plays in a city that really does not care all that much about basketball. It is an ironic mismatch, as if Bobby Fischer toiled in a society that worshipped backgammon, or as if Mark Spitz lived in a land that abhorred both water sports and money lust.

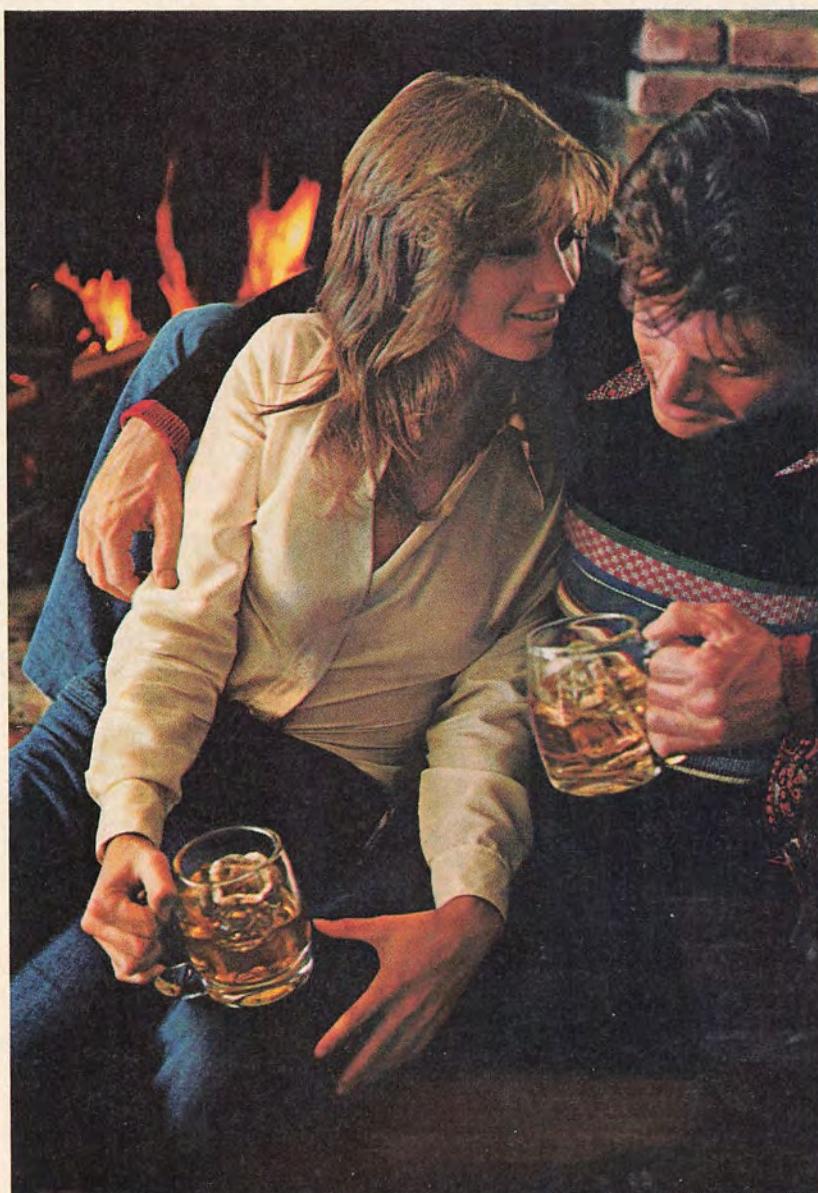
You can see this indifference graphically in the bookstore of North Station, of which the ancient Boston Garden is a part. There are endless books on hockey; the Boston Bruins books alone fill a shelf. There is exactly one book by, on, or about a Celtic: A seven-year-old autobiography by Bill Russell. More important, you can look at the attendance figures. The Boston Bruins have always been the toughest ticket in town, whether they were the doormats of the National Hockey League or Stanley Cup contenders. Even the minor hockey league Boston Braves pack them in.

And the Celtics? In Russell's first year, 1956-57, the Celtics averaged 10,500 per game. Only once since then has the attendance averaged over 10,000. (The Garden holds 15,315 for basketball games). All through the great Celtic years, Boston drew between 7000 and 8500 people per game. In 1961-62, the year they won the fourth of their eight straight championships, they averaged barely 6600 per game. Even playoff games in those championship seasons were sometimes played in front of empty seats.

"This is a hockey town," says Richard Goodwin, the former White House assistant. "The only basketball enthusiasm I can remember around here was during the Cousy and Heinsohn eras at Holy Cross. This city gets *cold* in the winter; the kids are on skates when they're five years old, and instead of basketball leagues, they're playing hockey. Go to the arenas in Boston. You'll find peewee hockey leagues practicing 24 hours a day."

"There was no basketball heritage at all in Boston," says Johnny Most, the radio voice of the Celtics for 20 years. "A lot of major high schools never even played basketball when I came to Boston. And pro ball only started up in the late 1940s, while you had base-

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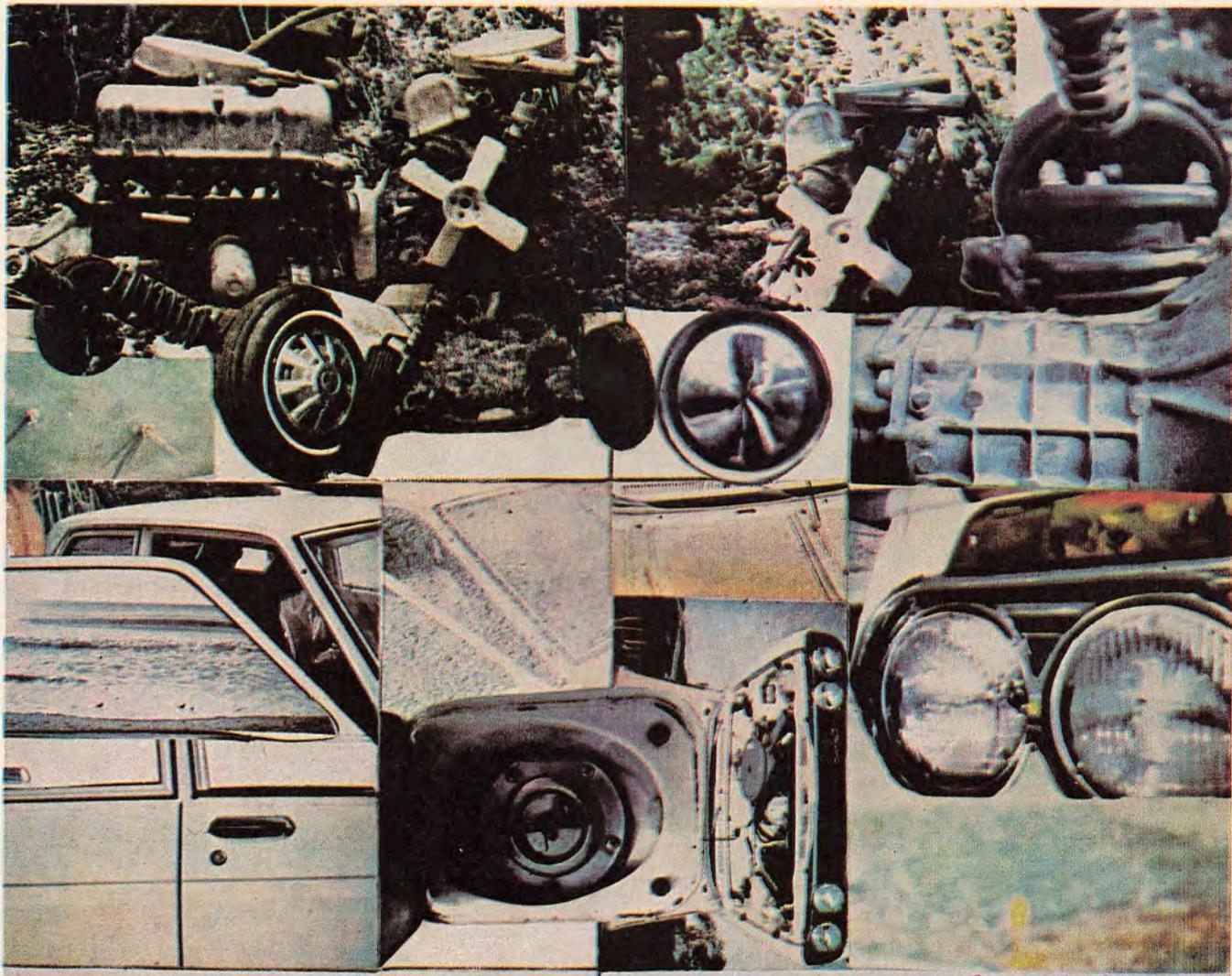
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"Engineer's landscape"

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New Datsun 510 2-Door. An original portrait by Robert Rauschenberg.

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Rauschenberg is one of America's trend-setting artists. What he discovered in the new Datsun 510 was a car of extraordinary engineering integrity. His model was a 510 he actually dismantled; his portrait is an artistic summary about what he discovered.

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stars of our line. For two years running, it has captured the Trans-Am 2.5 Championship. Its credentials include overhead cam engine, safety front disc brakes and fully independent suspension. Plus, luxury features like reclining bucket seats, tinted glass and whitewalls included in the price.

The new Datsun 510 is a work of the engineers' art, a Datsun Original. That's the impression you get from Rauschenberg's picture. And the impression you feel when you drive it. Drive a Datsun...then decide.



Own a Datsun Original. From Nissan with Pride

ball and hockey here forever. You contrast that with New York City, where the high schools and colleges always had strong teams. So our fans are college kids today, who were just born when the Celtic era started. We don't have that many 50-year-old fans."

Then there is Red Auerbach's "128" theory—the idea that the Boston area's basketball fans live out in the suburbs, beyond Route 128, while the hockey fans are the blue-collar, white working people who live within the city and find the journey to the gothic horror of Boston Garden less of a burden.

And finally, perhaps the most complicated issue: That of race, and the impact of Bill Russell.

Boston has, for a large Eastern city, a small black population. Its sports-fan population is overwhelmingly white. It was here that Bill Russell came—17 years ago by the calendar, light years away from now in attitude. It was a time when blacks were Negroes, when sports was still bathed in illusions, when the pressures of the outside world seemed not to intrude into the locker room. It was also a time when black athletes south of the Mason-Dixon line were expected to eat and sleep in segregated quarters, and not to complain about it.

Bill Russell was not that kind of man. He believed—with reason—that a racial quota existed in basketball, and he said so. He believed that a proud man did not accept bigotry—and he said so.

"Good ballplayer, I'll give him that," a Celtic rooter says. "But as a man—" he waves his hands. "Didn't like whites."

"Guys like Russell," says a cab driver. "They get to the top and they think they're God."

"Big shots, you mean?" I ask.

"Nah. Blacks. That's why I don't like basketball. You gotta be big and black."

Now, by an accident of fate, many of the obstacles between the team and their fans are gone. Cowens is white, red-haired, and familiar. ("He's not Irish, but people think he is," grins a Celtic official.) The fans have tasted the defeat which makes victory more desirable. A new generation of fans has seen basketball on network television. And they are coming to the Garden. The Celtics will, in all probability, set an attendance record this year, and the construction of a new arena, designed to accommodate rather than to tolerate basketball, will soon begin. Thus the Era of Cowens seems, for a host of reasons, to be coinciding with an Era of Good Feeling between Boston and the Celtics. And Dave Cowens is both a cause, and a beneficiary, of this popularity.

A conversation with Dave Cowens is not an exercise

in self-revelation. It is not a seminar in political philosophy or the building of a financial empire. It is a talk with a young man who cares intensely about basketball, about winning, about achieving what he sets out to do, and about preserving his own privacy from an increasingly curious world.

Cowens, remember, is in a position few of us ever find ourselves in. He is in a profession whose best practitioners achieve their best performances, and their highest acclaim, at an age when most people have only a vague idea of what they want to do with their lives. The slow, steady path from novice to success is a matter of months, not years or decades. Cowens is also in a job where strangers flock around him while he is undressed, asking whether he expects to do a good job and then ask him why he did or did not do the job he wanted to do.

Imagine this in your own life: You are putting on your socks, and 13 people with notebooks, microphones, and tape recorders are pushing around you.

"Herb, you're trying to negotiate a big sale today with Consolidated Widgets. Last time you didn't get the order you hoped for. What are you going to do differently?"

"Herb, is Mr. Blodgett the toughest boss you ever worked for? How do you compare him with Mr. Firkins?"

By its nature, Dave Cowen's job is an interesting one; yet when we talked, the interest was painful for Cowens to reflect on. We were in a snack bar in the bowels of LaGuardia airport late on a Saturday night, waiting for a 1 a.m. plane to take the Celtics and the Knicks up to Boston for their second meeting in 19 hours. Barely an hour before, Boston had lost to New York 111-108, in a brutal, hard-fought game in which no team ever led by more than seven points. Cowens had scored 21 points and gone nine for eighteen from the floor, but he brought down 11 rebounds instead of 16 or 17. Further, the Celtics' fast break was completely shut off in the fourth quarter: Not a single point was scored off a Boston break in the last period.

"I take a lot of responsibility for losing," Cowens said over a meal of sandwiches, pre-cooked french fries, and a milkshake. (The glamorous world of professional athletics gets a lot less glamorous around midnight in a deserted airport.) I should have got ten more rebounds . . . the amount of time I played. . . ." He shook his head.

"Yeah, but doesn't it make any difference that the last time you played New York you got 38 points and 21 rebounds?" I asked.

"No," Cowens said quickly. "You can't play one good game and one bad one."

"All right. But you guys have won more than 80 percent of your games. You keep this up and you'll have one of the best records in NBA history."

"I don't understand that kind of thinking," Cowens said. "I don't want to lose *any* games. If I say to myself, 'We'll win 60', we'll probably win 40. You have to set that goal as high as possible. I know that sooner or later we're going to lose, but I don't *expect* to lose *any* games. You think it makes sense to go out and say, 'Well, maybe we'll lose tonight, but that's okay, we have to lose sooner or later?' Doesn't make any sense to me."

"Do you mean," I asked Cowens, "if you found yourself on the Philadelphia 76ers, you'd expect to win all the time?"

Cowens nodded. "If I woke up in Philadelphia, I'd say, 'Well, I better learn about what Mr. Carter does, and how Mr. Loughery plays. You have to learn to complement your teammates. Then if I found anybody on the team who wasn't doing his job, I'd hope we'd get rid of him. We get paid well enough to put out.'

"I have a very simple notion of how you win," Cowens said. "If you go out and hustle all the time, and you've got good people around you, you're going to win. The most games I ever lost in a college or high school season was nine. We *always* won more than we lost. I just can't see myself on a losing team."

A few minutes later we crowded into the coach cabin of a packed flight to Boston. The NBA Players' Association has demanded—and won—first-class seating for all flights lasting more than an hour. The flight to Boston is 50 minutes, and the Celtics have had too many management and money problems to disregard those costly ten minutes. Consequently, the Celtics rode in back while the prosperous New York Knickerbockers rode the same plane in the first-class cabin. Celtic general manager Red Auerbach rode up front, too.

I asked Cowens about writers—and what they don't understand about the game. "The things they least understand," he said, "are the subtle things that don't have anything to do with where the ball is. It's tough for anyone to understand who hasn't played. You might be on the other side of the court, but you'll be reacting, thinking, and what you do may have a lot to do with a basket—even if you never get to touch the ball. No one can really appreciate that except your own teammates."

"I think I know better than anyone else how I'm doing. I know I'm going to make mistakes, but you don't say, 'Oh, I lost, I'm depressed.' You say, 'I'm not going to do that again.' That's what's really important. Is setting a record that important? Is getting the MVP for an All-Star game that important?"

The next afternoon, in Boston, I watched Cowens come to grips again with the thing he hates most—losing. In the second quarter, the Knicks beat the Cel-

tics' brains in—and Willis Reed, who had suffered so badly at the hands of Cowens in November, hit seven of eight shots from the floor, inside and outside, to lead New York to a 53-40 halftime lead. The Celtics' fast break was completely shut off; and Cowens did not score a point in the second quarter, missing on drives, outside shots, and hooks. For the first half, he hit only two of 12 (as a team Boston hit only 30 percent of its shots in the first half).

Then, in the second half, Boston took advantage of a sudden Knick cold spell and began to come back. Cowens hit from 17 feet, then from the top of the key. With about three minutes left in the game, Dave fed Havlicek for a back door lay-up and the score was 86-85. Boston got no closer, and lost to New York, 96-93. Cowens went seven for 21 from the floor, winding up with 19 points and 14 rebounds.

After the game, Cowens sat in the trainer's room, on a table, a towel wrapped around him. He was cordial, but there is something about losing that cuts Cowens to the core. In another kind of personality, it could lead to a strong sense of depression. In Cowens' case, it led to a brief slump after which he helped to beat the Lakers, destroy the Bucks, and keep Boston in first place. Not liking to lose is one thing. Doing something about it is another.

For Cowens, the future in basketball seems unclouded. Outside of basketball, the future is—so far—simply uninteresting. Money does not appear to be the most important thing in his life. He lives in a converted bath house in Weston, Massachusetts, and the visual symbols of wealth—clothes, cars, luxury—don't engage him. ("He's not one of your greedy, weirdo athletes," a teammate says. "He's more like somebody you grew up with.") Apart from a basketball camp and speaking engagements, he has no business dreams so far.

"I could never work behind a desk," says Cowens, who spent part of one season taking courses in automotive mechanics. "I have to work with my hands." He needs the peace and quiet of the country.

"I hate cities," Cowens declares, his voice for the first time taking on a tinge of his Kentucky origin. "I don't like con-crete. I don't like cee-ment."

He is someone doing what he likes to do, and doing it very well. "There's a pharmacologist I know," Cowens reflected. "He's in research. I told him, 'I'd like to be doing something good, something worthwhile like you are.' The guy said to me, 'I take my kids to the Garden. We watch you. We root for the Celtics. We're close to each other. That's doing good, too.'"

For a new generation of basketball fans, Cowens is doing a whole lot of good. It is likely to be a fact of life in the NBA until the day when Cowens goes up for that last lethal basket.





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ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A ONE-ARMED OUTFIELDER . . .

(Continued from page 26)

I got out of the car and started walking toward him.

"I told you not to come here," he said. "Why did you come here? I've got nothing to say."

"Come on, Pete, I'll buy you breakfast."

He stared at me. He is 57 years old now, his eyes set deep into their sockets. He was wearing a blue stocking cap, a pair of baggy brown pants and heavy black shoes. He had on a light, tan windbreaker. He looked cold. I could see the right sleeve of the windbreaker pinned to his shoulder.

He kept staring at me. He stepped down from the doorway and said: "Follow me. But I don't like this. I don't like any of this."

He started down the street. He was walking very fast. He turned abruptly into another doorway. Now we were inside a long, dark, mahogany-colored room. Vedor's Bar.

He walked to the end of the bar, climbed up on a stool and said: "We'll talk here."

Before I could sit down, the gal behind the bar said, "I'm Mrs. Vedor. Welcome to Nanticoke. Why don't you come back into the kitchen? You can talk better there."

She looked at Gray. "Now Petey, it's going to be alright."

As she led the way down a long, dark hallway, she whispered: "Petey is a little shy."

We sat at the kitchen table and Mrs. Vedor began setting out Brownies and white coconut cake and saying: "Would you like to have some coffee?"

"I don't like this . . ." Gray murmured.

I asked him, "What do you do with your time?"

"I play golf."

"Every day?"

"Every day."

"Even in the winter?"

"When it gets nice."

I looked at him. "You know," I said, "there are some people who don't believe there ever was a one-armed ballplayer in the major leagues."

He looked at me carefully, "Well, I did prove something, didn't I? I did show them something, didn't I?" His voice grew soft. He was slowly nodding to himself.

"I wasn't very strong," he said. "That was the big thing. I was too skinny. I weighed, what? Maybe 145

pounds? It just wasn't enough. If I'd been, say, 180 or 185. . . ."

"But you did spend a full season in the majors."

"Yeah, I remember we were going to New York on the train. Don Barnes, he was the president of the team. He came to me and said, 'They're expecting a big crowd to see you tomorrow. They're expecting 70,000.' He pulled out his wallet and gave me a hundred dollars."

"How much did you make that season?"

"They gave me \$5500. After the season, Bill DeWitt gave me another \$1500. He didn't have to do it, but he did."

"Do you remember your first game?"

"Yeah, we played the Tigers in St. Louis. Hal Newhouser was pitching. I don't know what it was, everytime we faced Newhouser, I played. We had a lot of righthanded hitters but something always seemed to be wrong with them when we were going to face Newhouser."

"What'd you do the first time up?"

"Grounded to short."

"Did you get a hit that day?"

"Yeah, I singled through the middle. I got three or four hits against the Yankees one day, and I hit the screen in Detroit. I think Dizzy Trout was pitching. I really wanted to hit a home run. But I just wasn't strong enough."

Gray pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He laid out a box of matches on the table. He pushed open the box, took a match, closed it and struck the match—all in an instant's time.

"I remember when I went to see Connie Mack in Philadelphia, old Shibe Park, it was," he said. "I had a letter introducing me. He looked at me and said, 'Son, I've got men with two arms who can't play this game.' He never let me on the field to show him what I could do. That was the big problem—they'd never give me a chance to show what I could do."

The door to the kitchen opened and a portly man came into the room. He said, "I'm Tom Vedor." We shook hands.

I said to Gray, "Did they ever try to take advantage of you?"

"The pitchers never wanted me to get a hit off them," he said. "You know, who wants to give up a hit to a cripple? I'd crowd the plate . . .

that was my style . . . and, yeah, I guess you could say they'd throw close to me."

"Ever get hit?"

"Well, one day I dumped the Yankee shortstop—Crossetti. I knocked him down at second base and when I came up to the plate, I think their pitcher tried to get even with me. But I don't know that he intentionally threw at me."

I said to Gray, "It's too bad you played when you did. You could have made a ton of dough today."

His face brightened. For the first time, a smile played on his lips. "The writers in Philadelphia, they named me the 'Most Courageous Athlete of the Year' and a cash award of \$1000 went with it. That was nice."

Gray's face darkened just as quickly. He looked out the window.

"Maybe the guys'll come by," he said. "Maybe we can get out today. I don't like this. I'd rather be out there . . . walking around. I don't like sitting."

"Even when I played, the only time I ever felt good was on the field. The rest of the time, I always wanted to go home. I always wanted to leave. I just feel . . . well, I feel good around here. I like it here. I don't ever want to leave here again."

"You know," said Tom Vedor, "Petey never asked for disability. He never asked for unemployment. He's got it coming but he never asked for it."

I turned to Gray and said, "Why not?"

He shrugged.

"I'll tell you why," said Tom Vedor. "He's got too much pride."

Mrs. Vedor came into the kitchen. "Petey," she said, "tell him about the time in the barber shop."

"Aw . . ."

"Go ahead, tell him," she said.

Gray said he was in this barber shop, see, and this barber, was working on him and he said: "Did I ever shave you before?" Gray looked up at him and said, "No, I lost my arm in a car accident."

"Isn't that funny," said Mrs. Vedor. "See, Petey does have a sense of humor. Don't you, Petey?"

Gray stirred in his chair.

I quickly said, "Will you tell me how the hell you ever were able to catch the ball and throw it in the same motion?"

He jumped out of his chair. "It was like this," he said. "I had this

old glove. I had two of them. I'd take all the padding out of them and I'd kind of wear it on the top of my hand, like it was ready to fall off."

"See this . . ."

He held out his left pinky. It was bent upwards at almost a right angle. It looked as if it had been badly broken. "A cat bite did it," he said. "I was bitten by a cat and it came out this way. If that didn't happen, I'd have never been able to play ball."

"Huh?"

"I mean it," he said. "I'd catch the ball in my glove and stick it under the stub of my right arm."

He was stuffing his left hand under his right armpit.

"I'd sort of squeeze the ball out of my glove with my arm and it would roll across my chest and drop to my stomach," he said.

"See this . . ."

He was holding his hand at the top of his stomach, with the distorted pinky resting against his jacket. "The ball," he said, "would drop right in there. My pinky kept it from bouncing away."

He smiled for the second time.

We spoke for about two hours. He became more relaxed as time passed. But he kept looking out the window, to see how the weather was.

"I used to get about 25 letters a month," he said. "But it's dropping down now. Sometimes I get ten. Sometimes I get five. Sometimes I only get a couple. But I answer them all."

Gray got up from the chair. "I'm going outside," he said. He left the kitchen and walked back to the bar.

Tom Vedor said, "It's sad in a way. He never made a cent out of anything. Not a cent. He had a bad drinking problem, you know, but now he hasn't had a drink in five years. He lives with his mother and I guess they get by on her Social Security check. It isn't much, I'll tell you. But Petey never complains."

Outside, I said goodbye to Pete Gray. For some reason, I asked him one more question: "When you went to Philadelphia with the Browns, did you ever see Connie Mack?"

"Yeah," said Gray. "I saw him in a hotel one day."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Yeah, he spoke to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Pete, I made a mistake.' "

For the third time in one day, Pete Gray smiled. ■

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A WOMAN'S TOUCH



Ron Lyle (left) didn't find his quarry.

There is a tribal dance in Africa where young brides with their arms on the shoulders of other young women, step rhythmically, single file out of their huts to celebrate their approaching marriage ceremony. It is a dance of innocence and tradition, it is joyous and tense with expectation, it respects the will of the tribe. Spectators and participants are equally important to the event; both know their roles and hope to play them as well as they can. A similar ceremony took place at Madison Square Garden in February, although one bride was more innocent than the other, and marriage to a sport like boxing was bound to be an eye-opener, if not an eye closer.

When Ron Lyle danced into the Garden, his arms touching the shoulders of his trainer, Bobby Lewis, he was robed elegantly in shimmering white satin with a pointed hood of blue stars over his head. Only those directly facing him could see his face. Perhaps Lyle wanted to hide up to the very last minute, to preserve his concentration, to keep his gaze inward where the strength would have to come from. Under the graceful sleeves of his robe, his arms reached to Bobby Lewis' shoulders, his biceps hard and shiny as lacquered pumpernickels, flexing and unflexing nervously. Not a drop of sweat had soaked through the crisp newness of his ceremonial robe; all the juices were still inside, simmering. The tassles on his boxing shoes slapped delicate jabs of miniature motion against the flat criss-crossing of laces. When he climbed into the ring, he knelt in prayer . . . a fast one . . .

or was he looking for two, three, four punches, a winning combination that would make Jerry Quarry see the stars? Unfortunately Quarry saw only the stars traveling up the sides of Lyle's boxing trunks. Quarry looked like a statue hacked directly from a rock quarry . . . but he wasn't Lyle's quarry. Only the light hit Quarry just right. Lyle tried, but Quarry outsmarted him and outpunched him. Ron would hit him and then not follow it up. Lyle was so mechanical, one had the urge to put in another quarter just to see him perform penny arcade style.

The day before the fight, in his dressing room, he had looked tough, talked tough: "I'm a man in a hurry. Quarry gets in my way, I'm gonna roll right over him!" He emphasized this by squeezing a Spaldeen rubber ball in one hand till its pink sides touched. Both the kids who had come to watch him work out and the adults there to interview him were duly impressed. "Fighting isn't just with the hands," he said. "I fight with everything: Heart, body, and soul." He told them how he trained, getting up at 5:20 every morning to run nine miles before a breakfast of three eggs, sausages, bread and butter, and quarts of orange juice. He allowed as to how his one big vice was a bowl of vanilla ice cream topped with peaches . . . how sometimes after a fight he would go on a cookie binge: Peanut clusters, mallomars, chocolate chip, ginger snap, graham cracker, assorted French . . . the works.

There was a touching discrepancy in the life of Ron Lyle: Ex-con, church-goer, non-smoker, non-drinker, non-swearer . . . such a good (!) man, how would he ever "Stanislavski" his way into a rage big enough to destroy his opponent? But then, one thought, anyone who had been in the pen for seven and a half years and in solitary for three months, must have enough pent-up anger to handle a tribe of chest-thumping gorillas. Lyle was a man determined to win. He knew what Billie Holiday knew in the lyrics of this song:

Everybody loves a winner
even when he's thinner
goin' down like a clown
Who gives a damn for losers!

At least Lyle didn't go down. He stood up for the whole trip: Waiting, thinking, puzzling it out while he took it on the chin and other locations. After the seventh round, his trainer, Bobby Lewis, yelled: "Let's go. What're you waiting for? You gotta jab." Beads of sweat broke out all over his face and body. Quarry was having all the fun. As Gil Clancy, who manages Quarry, said, "Nobody thought Quarry was alive. Jerry just ate him up."

When asked how he liked New York, Lyle said: "It's so lonely. You walk around town and you smile at these dudes, and they look in the other direction, so I put a scowl on my face and everything was cool."

I hope Ron Lyle learned something from his match with Jerry Quarry; maybe he still has a future; maybe it's not too late even though Lyle is 31 years old. Could be he just needs more experience . . . or perhaps someone to smile at him, so he can smile back.

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(Continued from page 59)

ored by that mix of reverence and commercialism. The liturgy is practiced at the Bruins' souvenir shop, where you can buy Phil Esposito coffee mugs, Wayne Cashman ashtrays or the *pensées* of that fabled prodigal, Derek Sanderson. The first autobiography of the world's richest penalty-killer is called *I've Gotta Be Me*, and its hedonistic message seems to be what the rookies are trying to avoid.

When Derek returned from the outer darkness of the World Hockey Association in February, he had already been on the minds of O'Reilly, O'Donnell, Doug Roberts, Gregg Sheppard and Nick Beverley. All knew that they not only had to duplicate the talent, but also match the esteem in which fans held Sanderson, McKenzie, Gerry Cheevers, Eddie Westfall and Teddy Green. Those former heroes were ex-Bruins because of the decision of a management too cheap or too timid to deal with the WHA (or in Westfall's case, deeming him expendable in the draft).

"They did lose a lot of talent, no question about it," said O'Reilly. "But I think the fans are giving us a break. They know we're trying." Ah, the fans. The unseen millions clustered around TV sets in New England are more indulgent in the aggregate than are the 15,000 chosen ones who actually have tickets to the Bruins' games, those privileged to huddle beneath the girders of Boston Garden. The Garden, which bestrides a forlorn railroad station, has atmosphere, all the intimate ambiance of a men's room. Ranger defenseman Brad Park calls it "a zoo." The second balcony seems to crowd center ice and the acoustics amplify every heckler's message. It is theater-in-the-round and in contrast to the adolescent adulation of the TV audience, the groundlings in the Elizabethan drama of the stricken 1972-73 Bruins are far from kind.

In the northeast corner of the first balcony above the Bruins' net one night early this season, Peter Boyle was getting Robert Mitchum drunk before going out and trying to kill him. As Paramount movie cameras ground away, the stars of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* cheered on cue for their champions. "The Broons," as the characters of author George V. Higgins monosyllabically call them, are essential atmosphere for a Boston

crime novel—and a movie based on it.

But that night, the Chicago Black Hawks, who had not won a game at the Garden since January of 1970, were the button men, killing the Broons, 6-3. "Hey 'Chief,' ain't ya heard? The wethead is dead," a voice bellowed out from the second balcony. Johnny Bucyk, the Chief, 37-year-old survivor of the Bruins' cellar-dwelling days of the late '50s, was not exempt from having Boston Garden scorn heaped on his grease-plastered, black-haired head as he battled Chicago defenseman Pat Stapleton for the puck. True, the Bruins were playing without injured Bobby Orr, but the Black Hawks were without Bobby Hull, who had defected to Winnipeg of the WHA. When announcer Frank Fallon announced the time of the next home game, the strange sound of boos grew louder. The ice, so often dotted with hats to celebrate three-goal performances of Bucyk or Esposito, was littered instead with several pairs of eyeglasses thrown at goaltender Eddie Johnston. "One minute to play in the game," announced Fallon, and the few fans remaining cheered derisively.

The 15,000 were not as angry as coach Tom Johnson, staring at a 3-5-1 record on October 28. "We were lousy," he said "and there'll be some changes." Two nights later in Toronto, Johnson tried a new line—O'Reilly at right wing, three-year man Don Marcotte on the left and at center, Gregg Sheppard, a five-foot-eight, 165-pound, 23-year-old rookie. The Bruins beat the Maple Leafs, 3-2, largely due to the hustling and checking of the new line. The next night in Boston, the boos melted into cheers as the Bruins trounced the team almost officially baptized by sportswriters as "the hapless New York Islanders." In the 9-1 victory, the new line contributed ten scoring points, with Sheppard—in his second game in the NHL—scoring a hat trick and O'Reilly, usually a low scorer, stealing a goal by walking through two Islanders.

"Terry took out two guys at a time to make it easy for me," said Sheppard. "I don't know why we clicked like we have," Marcotte said. "It's a combination of things. Terry is good along the boards and in the corners, I can hit out there and Sheppard is a good skater who makes good plays."

The new line was instantly lionized as they helped the team break a slump and prepare for the November 12

visit to the Garden of those *bêtes-bleuet-rouge*, the Montreal Canadiens. The Bruins lost, 5-3, but they were playing (still without Bobby Orr) the way Boston remembered them. And O'Reilly ignited more cheers than anyone. Ken Dryden, the gangly and proficient Montreal goaltender, drifted behind his net for the puck and was decked by O'Reilly. "When he comes out of the net he's just like a forward," said Terry later. "He was there and I was there and I was skating as fast as I could, so what else could I do? I didn't try to avoid him. He had the puck and he was skating pretty well and I didn't think it would hurt to give him a bump."

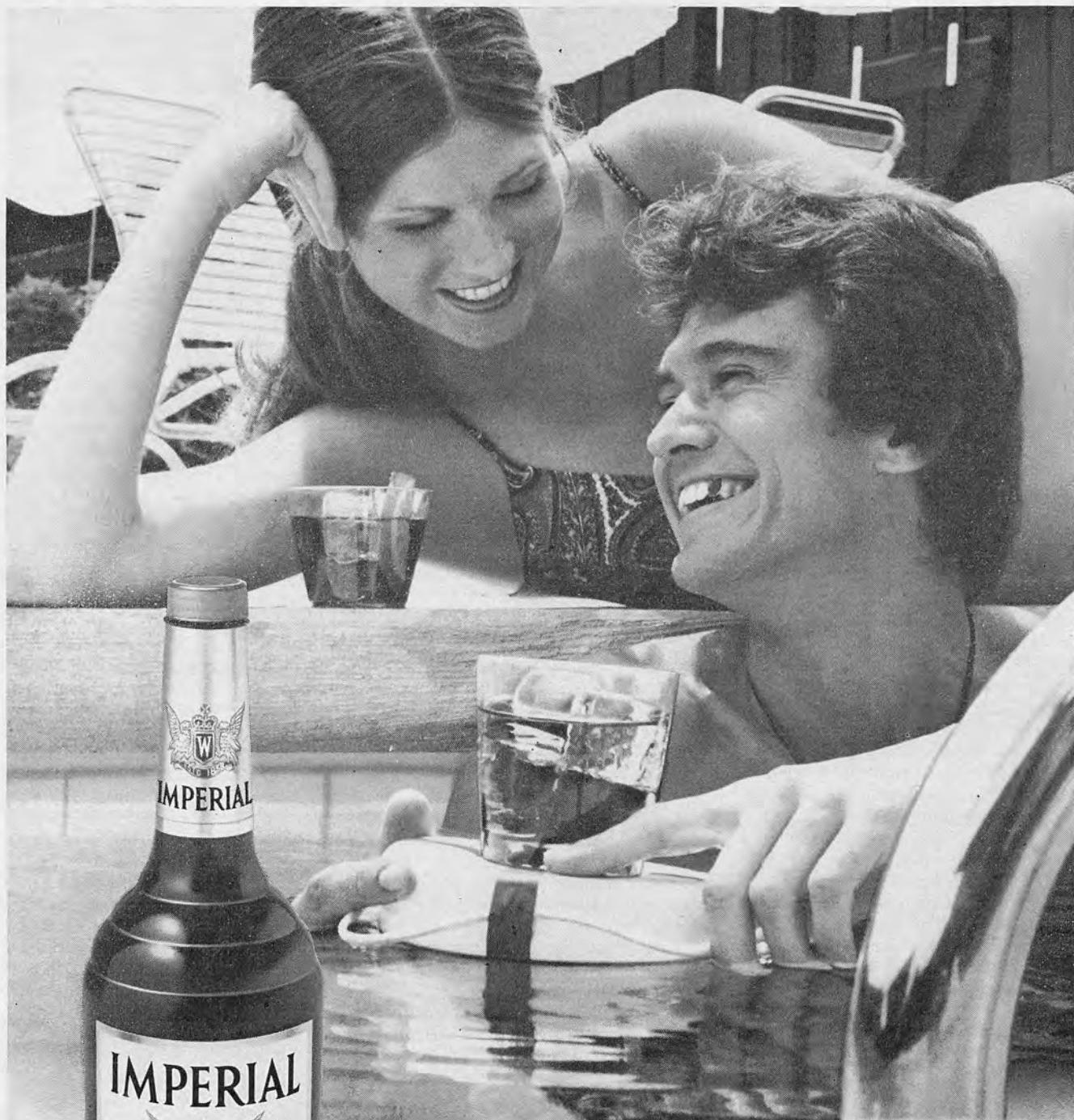
Exactly 40 seconds later, the unwritten code of the NHL regarding goalies as sacred cattle certainly not to be defiled by rookies began to operate at center ice. Frank Mahovlich, an awesome name in hockey when O'Reilly was still in high school, tussled with Terry for the puck. Both men's sticks were chest high when both pairs of gloves suddenly fell to the ice. O'Reilly was quickly on top, landing five fast punches as Mahovlich was stunned and could not respond. As O'Reilly skated off, 15,000 throats roared and the penalty box again became a throne of honor.

O'Reilly is as slow and measured in his speech as he is fast with his fists. When he discusses opponents, there is only the slightest hint of disdain. "Bob Murdoch (Canadiens) stands behind the linesman and spits at you. What kind of challenge is that? And Peter Mahovlich, after I fought his brother, said, 'Wait'll you get to Montreal, kid.' Peter, he's all talk, but I respect Frank for what he tried to do. I was lucky that he lost his balance and that I could get on top. I don't go looking for fights. Once in the exhibition season, I had a match with Keith Magnuson of the Black Hawks, but I haven't had any trouble with him since."

Canadien coach Scotty Bowman said after the fisticuffs, "O'Reilly? Is he number 24? I really didn't notice him until the fight. He seemed to have trouble skating for a big-leaguer."

Confronted with that grand put-down, O'Reilly reveals the simple qualities that give him such aplomb. "He's right, of course; I am a slow skater," he says with his eyes opening wide and a leprechaun's smile creasing his features. "Why do you think I

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concentrate on the corners and around the boards? You don't need speed there."

"Terry reminds me of Rocky Mariano," says Kevin Walsh of The Boston Globe. "There's no great style there, but nobody works harder. Baseball has its own collection of O'Reillys, guys who made themselves regulars. Eddie Stanky couldn't run and had a dead arm. His friend Alvin Dark was a great athlete, but a lousy baseball player. They became good players by following the golden rules. It was bed by ten and nothing to drink but milk for them." Milk is indeed a staple if not the sole liquid in O'Reilly's diet. "You've got to watch what you eat," he says. Roommate O'Donnell adds proudly that in the kitchen of their apartment, "We haven't cooked a potato all year." An Irishman in Boston who goes without potatoes for a year has to be stoical beyond the prayers of his padres.

The two roommates are often the last Bruins to leave a workout, staying to practice shooting and skating. They are, therefore, well known to members of the "bull gang," the crew that dismantles the court used by the Cel-

tics and melts the Bruins' ice. The bull-gang members like O'Reilly because he occasionally finds a ticket or two for a Bruin game.

When the Celtics or the circus take over the Garden, the Bruins bus to Watson Rink at Harvard, where Ali McGraw giggled at and admired Ryan O'Neal in *Love Story*. But Bep Guidolin, the new coach, is less sentimental than Erich Segal or even ex-coach Tom Johnson. After Guidolin took over in February, practices became longer and the worst workout of all in practices—stops and starts—went from net to net rather than from one side of Watson Rink to the other. The Guidolin regime meant aching groin muscles and little sympathy. Johnson's departure had been precipitated by a loss to the Islanders, 9-7, and a fateful confrontation with the Rangers February 3. In that game, the Big, Bad Bruins seemed to return, but the Rangers were no longer meek. Sheppard tangled with Park halfway through the first period with Boston ahead, 1-0. As Park skated away, O'Reilly suddenly turned enforcer and belted the star defenseman. With both Bruins in the penalty box,

New York tied the score. O'Reilly later tangled with Walt Tkaczuk, whose hat trick won the game for the Rangers, 7-3. "You got to stand up to the Bruins," Tkaczuk explained after the game, "or they'll run you right out of town."

After that game, which sent first-place hopes even farther away, the Bruins tied Philadelphia, and the next day Johnson was given an office job and Guidolin was called up from coaching the Braves. "They got the wrong guy; it should have been one of us," said Phil Esposito. "When things go bad, the coach gets the blame," said Bobby Orr. "Maybe they should have fired some of us."

For the rookies, Johnson had harbored admiration, but not an excessive load of indulgence: "When I broke in at Montreal in 1950, there were a few famous players there, too, eh?" Guidolin, who had coached all the rookies when they were Braves, had even less sympathy. He had broken into the National Hockey League in 1943 at age 16, filling the skates of such "Kraut Line" heroes as Bobby Bauer, Milt Schmidt and Woody Dumart. Being a rookie didn't mean anything special to him.

Derek Sanderson, the former Philadelphia Blazer, rejoined the Bruins at the same time Guidolin did, sadder, wiser and hundreds of thousands of WHA dollars richer. Sanderson didn't get his No. 16 jersey back, because Fred O'Donnell held onto it. "I wore it on the Braves," said Fred. Guidolin shook up his lines as he tried to stave off the Sabres and Red Wings and keep the Canadiens and Rangers within striking distance. Carol Vadnais improved defensively, at least enough to sell Pontiacs on television. Terry O'Reilly was making commercials for the Bruins' station, saying with a bashful grin, "Channel 38 is all fun and games." Derek Sanderson was saying nothing at all and behaving—in comparison with his previous demeanor—like a Trappist monk. Sanderson centered a line with Bucyk and O'Reilly, and the Bruins worked harder. Would there be personality conflicts? Derek said he was "humbler." Terry O'Reilly said, "Let's play hockey."

And the Rolls-Royce legend of Derek Sanderson and his six-figure salary had to take a tarnished place in the hopes and heartbeats of Bruins fans. O'Reilly and his fellow rookies had won their place. ■

Released at last! From the physician whose average weight loss is 65 pounds per patient...the fat-melting program that

Overcomes the Body Chemical that keeps you fat!

And that therefore lets your body burn fat two to three times as fast as it's doing today! So that any amount of weight you want melts right off you...while you glory in what can only be called "The Eatingest Diet in the World"!

Do You Want Indisputable Proof? Then Read What The Doctor Did For The Boston Police Department! When He Carved AN AVERAGE OF 65 POUNDS APIECE Off 400 Policemen—While They Ate MORE Than Ever Before!

Perhaps you have read about this incredible new massive-weight-loss accomplishment in your daily newspaper...or seen some of the before-and-after photographs of the police officers who participated in it on your TV screen! In any case, let us briefly summarize its results for you here:

A few years ago, this eminent physician was called in by the Boston Police Department and given an almost impossible task: "Give our officers a diet they can stick to...that won't torture them, tire them out, or wear them down...and that will get them down to their ideal weight, FAST, and keep them there—FOR GOOD!"

Any other doctor would have thrown up his hands in despair! For how do you get someone to lose up to a hundred pounds in a few short months, and still not give him one hungry moment? How do you get him to peel off fat so fast that last week's clothes sag and still order him to eat MORE than the day he first came to you!

And how do you make automatic fat-burning feel so good that that person will STAY 20...40...60...80...even 100 pounds thinner FOR THE REST OF HIS OR HER LIFE—and NOT because you stick around to keep him on the diet, but because that diet satisfies him so completely he has NO NEED to ever gain back an ounce!

Impossible By Ordinary Means—Yes! But THIS Doctor Had Discovered A HIDDEN KEY To Massive Weight-Loss! A Hidden Chemical That Locked Fat Right Into Your Body! AND THAT COULD BE OVERCOME AS SIMPLY AS THIS—

And, of course, all these members of the Boston Police Department were chronic Diet Failures! All had tried to lose weight before and failed—even with starvation diets! Or else they had managed to torture off a few miserable pounds by sheer agonizing will power...and then swelled right up again to even heavier weights than before!

AND NONE OF THIS MATTERED IN THE SLIGHTEST TO THIS DOCTOR! For THIS doctor was no longer interested in torture, or will power, or starvation, or built-in failure! This doctor had gone far beyond mere calorie-counting, or food-deprivation! He had gone deeper than all of them, to the very heart of the body-mechanism that makes fat people stay fat!

And what the doctor discovered was THIS—EVERYTHING THAT THESE "CHRONIC FATTIES" HAD BEEN SAYING (and that friends, and even their doctors had laughed) WAS TRUE! It was TRUE that these fat people had something wrong with their body that KEPT them fat! It was TRUE that they could NOT lose weight on starvation diets (even, in some cases in this doctor's files, on 300-calorie diets), BECAUSE SOMETHING THAT WAS BORN INTO THEIR BODY KEPT BLOCKING THOSE DIETS EVERY TIME! And that "something" was this—A natural chemical (called an "antibody")

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sam S. Berman, M.D. A medical corps veteran of World War II, he has spent more than twenty-five of his thirty-seven years in medical practice researching the "true problems of obesity and premature aging."

His private patients over the years have numbered in the thousands, and his famed Boston Police Weight Control Program is the first such controlled program in any large metropolitan police department.

THAT KEPT THEIR SYSTEM FROM BURNING FOODS THE SAME WAY THEIR "NORMAL" THIN FRIENDS' BODIES DID! So (as they kept on saying), while everything their friends ate turned to energy, "EVERYTHING THEY ATE TURNED RIGHT INTO FAT!"

But, Once This Hidden Chemical Was Discovered, You Could Then "EAT IT RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BODY" Like This:

So of course ordinary diets wouldn't work for these chronic failures—as they just don't work for you! Of course they were going to stay fat—as you are going to stay fat—UNTIL THEY OVERCOME THE FAT-BUILDING PROPERTIES OF THAT ANTIBODY...FOR GOOD!

And how do you do this? So simply and easily that you may gasp in astonishment! In two ways:

1) You switch to a scientific combination of foods—lots of them—that naturally overcome this fat-building antibody by starving it, at the exact same time that they pour energy-giving nutrition into the rest of your body!

(Let us make this perfectly clear: In order to starve fat, and the antibody which keeps multiplying it, at exactly the same time that you stuff the rest of your body, YOU MAY ACTUALLY HAVE TO EAT MORE...AND MORE...AND MORE THAN YOU ARE EATING TODAY! You eat till you groan—some of the officers on this "Diet" were actually sent back to the headquarters table to finish their meals! You eat deliciously! You eat a huge variety of foods! You may actually have your thin friends envy you—while the pounds are peeling away!) And—

2) If you wish, you may also go to your family doctor, and have him give you an inexpensive, harmless little "supplement" that burns up this antibody—and the fat it causes—TWO OR THREE TIMES AS FAST!!! This supplement is for people who really mean business about losing weight—in massive quantities, fast! Any doctor can give it to you! It is perfectly safe! And it's like adding gasoline to a slow-burning fire! The fat virtually FLOWS out of your body!

How Quickly Does It Work? HERE ARE FIGURES YOU MAY FIND HARD TO BELIEVE!

First of all, some 400 policemen were put on this Massive Weight Loss Program! In not one instance was there a single failure! All of them—every one of them—lost weight! And the average weightloss was 65 pounds per patient!

But this is just the beginning! With those officers who had only recently gained weight (and therefore did not have their fat locked-in solid to their body for ten or twenty years), weight-loss occurred so fast that their families gasped in astonishment! In fact, in case after case, 38...40...and even 50 ugly pounds vanished into thin air in a matter of weeks!

With other officers, of course, who had been painfully overweight for decades, the process was slightly slower. But as the "Eat-Like-a-King" weeks turned into months, weight loss after weight loss after weight loss was reported of 78 pounds...84 pounds...92 pounds...101 pounds...114 pounds...even 130 easy-off pounds! Until that person himself said, "I don't want to lose anymore! I'm PERFECT the way I am now!"

**All This By Eating! Eating! Eating!
PLUS ALL THESE EXTRA BENEFITS—**

No exercise of any kind needed! This doctor doesn't believe it's necessary! And besides, many of the people who lost the most weight were desk workers, who never even walked to work!

No more sliver-snacks! No nibbling when you need real hunger-relief between meals! Instead, THIS WAY, you eat BIG, healthy IN-BETWEEN-MEALS-MEALS if you want them!

No more Diet Weakness! Because you're NOT starving yourself now! And because now your fat is being turned into sheer, pulsating ENERGY!



And no more holiday-guilt! Because then, as every day, you have a ball! And still lose tons!

And no more diet-nerves! And no more diet-sag to your neck and face! Because you're building muscle...you're building strength...into the vital parts of your body—at the same exact time that you're starving ONLY the hidden fat!

**As A Special Added Bonus—LOSE AGE
AT THE SAME TIME THAT YOU LOSE WEIGHT!**

The hundreds of people who went on this diet in the Boston Police Department—as well as thousands of Dr. Berman's patients outside—seemed to shed years and years from their bodies and faces, every single day they enjoyed this Diet!

Why? Because this Program attacks the basic cause of aging, as well as the basic cause of overweight! And the same new chemical mechanism that unlocks fat from your waist, hips, buttocks and thighs ALSO UNLOCKS IT FROM YOUR ARTERIES AS WELL!

This is the reason that youth seemed to pour back into these suddenly slim bodies! And this is the reason that not one heart attack occurred to a single person taking this Program!

The Massive Weight-Losses Have Been Confirmed Beyond Dispute! THE NEXT MOVE IS UP TO YOU!

This program literally means the difference between slow starvation, with no lasting results—or massive weight-loss that STAYS! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

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NATE COLBERT IS DEFINITELY ACCIDENT-PRONE

(Continued from page 50)
able to walk on the field, you're my first baseman." It was—says Colbert—the best thing anybody ever said to him.

Colbert has turned out to be the best thing that has happened to San Diego since Cabrillo sailed into the bay in 1542. In Colbert's first season he belted 24 home runs. Since then it's been 38, 27 and 38 again. For all his ailments—the congenital spine condition, the sore throwing elbow—Colbert has played more games than any other Padre. Last year he missed just two contests. Which is good, because Colbert cannot stand being idle.

"I go insane on the bench," he says.

He goes insane lots of ways. One way to do it is to throw beanballs at him. At Amarillo, he suffered broken bones in both hands and a brain concussion from pitched balls. Right on up to 1972, pitchers threw at him regularly. One Padre teammate said privately that throwing at Nate gets Colbert so mad "he can't see straight."

It's not being thrown at, but getting hit, says Nate. "When they throw

at me and miss, it just makes me a more alert person. When they hit me, it takes the lid off. I don't accept it as part of baseball. In 1970, I struck out 150 times. I never threw my bat at a pitcher once. Why should it work the other way around? I just won't take it."

Last season he began to receive big-league respect. Or else nobody wants to tangle with big Nate. He was hit just twice, and neither time intentionally. "I crowd the plate. My only thought is to go right at the ball. The way Eddie Mathews used to hit. A couple of times the ball rode in on me, and I didn't move away. It was my fault."

Besides hitting him intentionally, another way to get Nate Colbert sore is to insult his wife. That happened in Puerto Rico. Carol Ann Colbert had gone to Puerto Rico with Nate one winter, and she took in a game, with little Nathan Derone Colbert, scarcely a year old. For a reason that remains unfathomable, a fan at the game became incensed and snatched Derone's nursing bottle and threw it on the field. Carol Ann Colbert chewed out the fan, who made an obscene gesture, all in full view of

Nate Colbert. Colbert climbed into the stands, intent on mayhem, his teammates streaming behind, most of them Latins, all seeking to avenge a slur on a woman. The island's *machismo* was at stake. The fan escaped but the players would not return to the field, so the game was forfeited. Today Colbert says, "My son broke up a game when he was a year old." The players were each fined \$250, but the Puerto Rican fans, equally involved with the whole matter of masculine honor, chipped in and paid all the fines.

Colbert no longer plays winter-league ball. He doesn't have to. He earns \$72,000 a year in salary with the Padres. He works off-season for the loan office of a bank. He is studying to get his realtor's license. He has land investments. Stardom has come. Colbert has traveled a long way, and he can detail the stops. "When I played in the Texas League in '67, I drove an old leased car. In the Pacific Coast League in '68, I drove a '62 Buick; it cost me \$200. Now I drive a '73 Monte Carlo. My wife has a new Eldorado. I'm able to buy the things I always wanted. For five years I wanted a certain

1973 Charger SE. This beautiful body covers a whole carful of new ideas.

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Torsion-Quiet Ride . . . standard. This is like the silencing system once used only on Chrysler's full-sized cars. It helps reduce those annoying road and engine noises that sneak into the passenger compartment.

Super Quiet Charger SE. For more than a year, Chrysler engineers have worked to make the SE one of the quietest medium-sized cars on the road. For a quiet treat, test-drive the SE and let what you don't hear tell you what a fine job our engineers have done.



stereo system; it cost \$1400. Now I own it." When his old wedding band could no longer slip off his baseball-swollen finger, his wife bought him a new ring, a splash of diamonds on antique gold. Naturally Colbert had to buy a watch to match; the watch set him back \$380. The Colbersts live in a \$40,000 tri-level house in a suburb of San Diego, ten minutes from the stadium.

But the biggest moment of his life, so far, is not a ring or a watch or a house. It is the memory of that evening in Atlanta, last August 1, when Nate Colbert did what no other baseball player has ever done.

"We arrived in Atlanta late the night before," Nate recalls. "I didn't sleep well. The next morning I was exceptionally tired. I knew there was no way I could play both games. My back hurt. I felt down."

Dragging, he got to the park and took batting practice. To his surprise, everything flew off his bat. "I must have hit ten or 15 balls out." Before the first game, Nate said to his roommate, Clarence (Cito) Gaston, "That bat deserves a shot in the game."

In the first inning of the first game, Colbert carried his B270, 35-inch,

36-ounce bat to the plate. There were two men on base, and righthander Ron Schueler was pitching for the Braves when Colbert came up.

Colbert has a routine when he hits. It is something he began back in the Texas League in 1967, to help him concentrate. "As I walk up to the plate, I automatically touch my helmet. It gets me thinking about what I want to hit. Then I draw a Roman numeral seven in the dirt, backwards, with the end of the bat. IIV. I don't know why I do it. I just do. It clears my mind. Then I feel that I'm geared to hit."

Schueler threw, and Colbert delivered—home run No. 1. "They threw what I hit, and I hit what they threw," Nate says.

He singled home a run in the third. Then, before he faced lefthander Mike McQueen in the seventh, he said to the batboy, "I'm going for it all this time." McQueen threw a fastball out over the plate, and Nate got it all. This one was no accident. Home run No. 2.

In the dugout, Nate said to Cito Gaston, "Roomie, I really turned my wrist on that one."

In the first inning of the second

game, Colbert hit his third, off Pat Jarvis, a grand slammer, and this time he said to Gaston, "I'm hot tonight." After his fourth, a two-run blast off Jim Hardin, Nate shook his head and said, "I'm going to get hit in the head next time sure." And after the fifth, another two-run job, off Cecil Upshaw, he told the second base umpire he couldn't believe it, and the umpire couldn't believe it either.

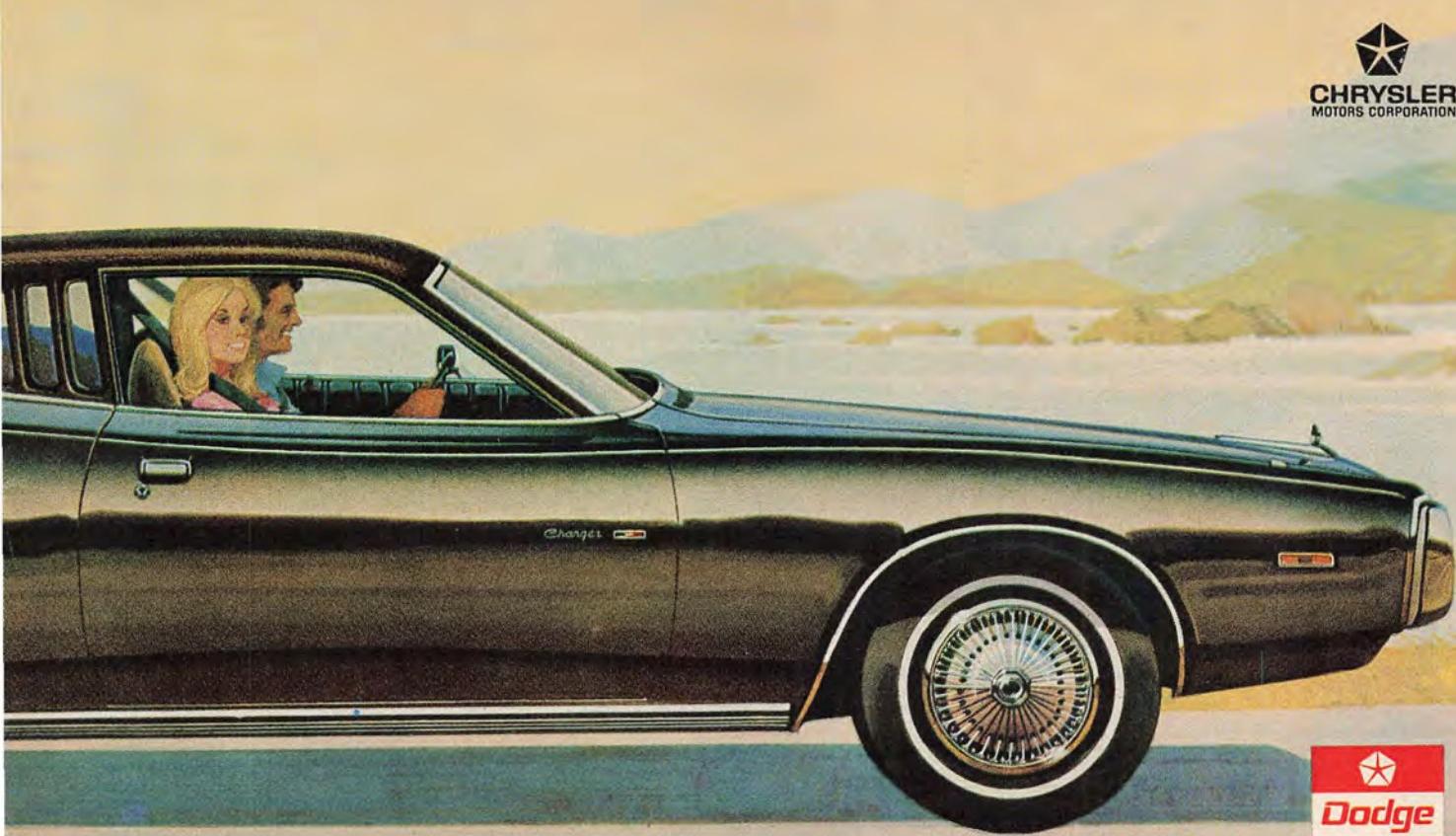
Back home in San Diego, his wife wasn't believing it very much, either. When Nate hit the fifth, Carol Ann leaped into the air and struck her foot against a table. While friends and neighbors tumbled into the Colbert house, to congratulate her, Carol Ann had a doctor over to repair a broken toe.

The next day, on the ballfield before the game, Colbert chatted with Brave pitchers Jarvis and Joe Hoerner. "How come," Colbert wanted to know, "you fellows never knocked me down once?" And Jarvis said, "It would have been sacrilege."

Ken Smith of the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown wired Colbert, asking for the suddenly famous bat. Colbert wired right back: "Not until I break it." ■



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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



It has been almost 20 years now since I left home and hitchhiked off, a wide-eyed and frightened teenager, to seek my fortune in baseball. Carrying my glove and spikes on the outside of my ragged suitcase, I thumbed along the dusty roads of south Alabama until I was finally deposited from a farmer's pickup in the shabby little Florida panhandle town of Graceville. We were all tense, except for the two or three unkempt career minor-leaguers in camp, but we were put at ease on the first day of spring training by a wobbly manager named Holt (Cat) Milner. "Baseball is a simple game, boys," he told us as we gathered around the blip of a pitcher's mound. "All you gotta do is hit the ball and run like hell."

My career ended a week later, but what Cat Milner told us that first day still rings in my ears when I sit high in the stands of one of the plastic new major-league stadiums and watch the drama on the field. Take away all the frills—animated scoreboards, organ music, endless promotions—and baseball is still a very simple game. It is, in fact, poetic in its simplicity. The smooth downward sweep of Warren Spahn's great left arm. The catlike waggle of Henry Aaron's bat as he awaits the pitch. The ballet of the doubleplay.

Baseball, of course, is the most traditional of our sports. At the core of it are the legends and the records, the enduring qualities of it all. The baseball nut can tell you who led the National League in hitting long before he was born and long before there was any thought of professional big-league football, basketball, hockey or golf. He can repeat the legends as though he were there—Babe Ruth visiting sick kids, Cobb sharpening his spikes on the dugout steps, the old Gashouse Gang—and

recite unending trivia such as the fact that American League plate umpires carry a balloon chest protector while in the other league they wear a padded one beneath their coat. No other sport is in America's blood as baseball is.

Slowly, but inexorably, they have been tinkering with the game for nearly two decades. There was expansion and shifting of franchises, resulting in a longer season to upset the record books. The old parks began coming down. There were blue uniforms, and gold-and-green uniforms, and artificial grass, and dirt around the bases only. And then came the specialists: Incomplete ballplayers who majored in catching knuckleballs or hitting long flies or throwing curves to lefthanders or making the doubleplay. And now, finally, we are being presented with the ultimate specialist, the "designated hitter."

The designated hitter will be employed as an experiment over the next three years in the American League. Pointing out that the new rule can accomplish two things—enliven the game and lengthen careers of great hitters who can't run anymore—American League president Joe Cronin was ecstatic about the possibilities. "We have to keep our minds open to progress," he said. "There may be a lot of gawky, strong kids who ordinarily may not feel they have the all-around skills to come into baseball who will be lured into the game by the knowledge they could make a career in hitting alone." Fine, I thought. Maybe the National Basketball Association will create a "designated defender" so Pete Maravich will get to play offense only, or designate a free-throw shooter to save Wilt Chamberlain from embarrassment.

To make matters worse, Cronin

hinted at even more specialization. Take an Olympic sprinter and make him a "designated runner," eligible to come prancing out and run for anybody at any time. How about offensive and defensive platoons, just like in football? Longball hitters for longball occasions? Immovable plate-blocking catchers for plate-blocking occasions?

The trouble with baseball is not the game itself, but the people who run it. Baseball executives may be the lousiest promoters in America. Let them book a kid from Jerusalem hanging ten on Lake Michigan, they would blow it. Cronin couldn't even properly time the New York press conference intended to beat drums for the "designated hitter" rule, calling it on the day of the NFL's annual college draft. Every winter we are shown attendance figures purporting to demonstrate that baseball is "still the National Pastime," and yet these same executives do not seem to believe it themselves. Their paranoia is as visible as a dropped fly ball. You begin to wonder if they are bored with baseball.

What they can't seem to understand is the very special appeal of their own game. Baseball is purity, tradition and quiet drama. It is two teams of nine men, each with his own strengths and weaknesses, pitting those strengths and weaknesses against each other. If their third baseman can't play the bunt, bunt him dizzy. If their centerfielder can't make the long throw, run on him. If their catcher is gun-shy, bowl him over at the plate. It consists of a precarious balance of strengths and weaknesses, a balance shattered by such outside forces as these super-specialists.

The most pleasant time I've ever had watching baseball came at the end of the '71 season when I went into Chicago to write about the last days of the Cubs' Ernie Banks. It was the first time I had been in Wrigley Field, with its ivy walls and close seats and real grass and no lights. Even on a blustery Saturday, some 15,000 fans came to see the season end. Nostalgia hung in the wind, and Banks said it best on Sunday when he stepped into the batting cage for the last time as a player. "Let's go, let's go," he yelled, "it's Sunday in America." That, I think, is what baseball is all about.

MR. WONDERFUL'S ALMOST WONDERFUL SEASON

(Continued from page 64) for example—might have overcome pain and humiliation and even betrayal by the simple expediency of forgetting everything that had happened. Not Craig.

He did it differently. He submitted himself to hypnosis in the hope that post-hypnotic suggestion would give him confidence and free his skills. It was a legitimate experiment, and one that was supposed to be confidential. "The object," explained Edward J. Pullman, director of the Southwest Hypnosis Research Center, "was to relieve Craig of game pressures, boost his confidence, free him from further injury by conditioning him to relax on the instant of body contact, to keep his elbow from being a conscious hindrance, and just generally to open up the full potential of his abilities."

But after the Cowboys' wretched performance against Baltimore in the Super Bowl in January, 1971, the story got out. Future generations of athletes and fans may come to regard post-hypnotic suggestion with the same indifference they now accord the whirlpool bath and cortisone injections, but coming when it did, in the stench of the worst-played Super Bowl ever, the revelation was like Darwin walking into a Ku Klux Klan rally and announcing, "Guess what, gang? Our relatives swung by their tails."

The bitter irony was that Morton lost both his public trust and his self-esteem by playing in the 1971 Super Bowl. Normally, leading a team to a Super Bowl, even one that is eventually lost, is not the worst thing that can happen to a quarterback (witness the ups and downs of Earl Morrall), but it was a common belief that Morton followed rather than led his team to Miami.

"I don't know about everyone else," Lee Roy Jordan said after the game, "but I can't get over the feeling we won. I know one thing: We'll be back next year, and things will be different."

Jordan was right. The Cowboys did return to the Super Bowl, and things were different. Dallas crushed Miami. Roger Staubach was the quarterback.

Still, after the Super Bowl, Craig was not without his defenders. A magnanimous Staubach said, "It's really something when a guy can come back from two operations involving his throwing arm. If I'd had Craig's problems, I'd be a cook on a ship somewhere." Staubach's praise didn't come out quite so kind as he had in-

tended. Staubach is actually older than Morton, but at the moment he seemed to be saying: Boy, I hope I look that good when I'm Craig's age.

Then came the 1972 season.

"And Now a Word for Morton," read the headline in the *Dallas Times Herald*.

"One Year Later: Craig's in Control," proclaimed the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.

This was November, 1972, and for the moment at least, Craig Morton was among the hottest quarterbacks in the NFL. Back in August, the thing that everyone had said would happen happened: Staubach ran into trouble (the Rams' Marlin McKeever) and dislocated his shoulder. They dusted off Craig Morton, inserted him in the Tom Landry relay station behind center as you might change transistors in a space age toy, and the Cowboys went right on winning.

The headlines were apologetic, as though to say: Mr. Wonderful, we knew it all the time. By November, Staubach had recovered, but Landry said: "Craig's our No. 1 quarterback and he's in there to win it or lose it." This statement seemed directed to that embittered section of fans who persisted in booing each time Morton's name was called over the public address.

"Sure, I heard them boo when I was introduced," Craig said after his three touchdown passes nailed Detroit. "It's a free country. I'm not telling them who to vote for. [Though Staubach had played only a few downs, he nevertheless held a wide lead in the Most Popular Cowboy contest sponsored by a local dairy.] I'm not telling them who to applaud.

"When I'm throwing touchdown passes and the Dallas Cowboys are winning, I can live without the cheers."

When the situation has been reversed—when Staubach was throwing the passes and Morton was just another lonely figure in a blue raincoat—Craig had been wonderfully gracious. Now, in victory, he was even more gracious. He talked to any and every reporter who approached him, and they never seemed to tire of his litany.

He praised (1) the Dallas organization, (2) Landry, (3) Landry's staff, (4) the offensive line.

"There are a lot of guys on this club who have faced many trying

moments," Craig said, and you could almost hear the pale voice of Tom Landry quoting his favorite philosopher, the Apostle Paul, who claimed that suffering brings on endurance, endurance brings character and character develops hope. Hope for what? More suffering?

Craig continued: "It's a great credit to our organization and head coach because the thing everybody is concerned with first is our team being No. 1. I just think things are going to work out your way if you work hard enough."

Again, there was the echo of Tom Landry: "Take away winning and you take away everything that is strong about America. If you don't believe in winning, you don't believe in free enterprise, capitalism, or our way of life."

If there was a dark spot on the season, it was an early loss to archrival Washington, a defeat that was blamed not on Morton, who played well, but on that one-time paragon of dependability, the Doomsday Defense. No, Craig had done his job. Except for his 21 season interceptions (he tied Archie Manning for the most interceptions), he would have ranked among the top three passers in the NFC. As it was, he finished seventh.

The Craig Morton of the November headlines, the one in control, was not a helpless giant tossing firecrackers; he was the legendary California bomber who had created so much anticipation seven years earlier. For the 1972 season, he had 15 touchdown passes, and at least four other TD passes—three of them in critical situations—had been dropped. (His detractors said that only went to prove Morton is a Jonah on the ship of destiny.)

Off the field, too, Morton finally seemed healthy. During the season, he and two new business partners opened a bar called Wellington's. It had a patio level and a discotheque level and a conversation level and a penthouse level, spiral staircases and piano bars, bartenders in velvet waistcoats and barmaids in hardly anything. The place was packed each night with beautiful people. Morton did, indeed, seem to be in control.

Morton's Cowboys went into their final two games of the season—against Washington, which had clinched the Eastern Division title, and against New York—needing only one tie or one victory to wrap up the wild-card

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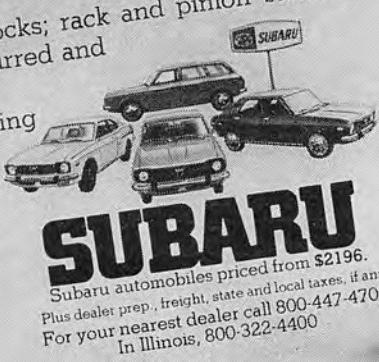
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When I visited the Cowboy field house a few days before the Washington game, nearly everyone had something good to say about Craig. "People don't realize what kind of job Craig has done for us since Roger got hurt," said Ray Renfro, the assistant coach who oversees the passing game. Linebacker D. D. Lewis added, "It was in the back of everyone's mind Craig would fold. But he took the challenge. Instead of folding, he got tougher."

"Craig has had a lot of shots thrown at him, and he's weathered them all," said tackle Ralph Neely. "Most of us can remember a couple of years ago when you'd walk into the training room and there would be Craig, day after day, soaking his arm in ice just so he could work out."

"We're a mature club. It doesn't matter who's quarterbacking. How can you define leadership? When Landry first started sending in the plays, it bothered us. At least it bothered me. But Landry took us to two Super Bowls. You can't argue with that."

I found Landry in his office, sitting alone in the dark. At first I thought he was watching films, then I realized he was just sitting there with his arms folded across his chest. Maybe he was talking with God; I couldn't guess about what.

"Without Craig," Landry said, switching on the lights and drawing back the drapes by activating a panel of buttons behind his desk, "we'd be nowhere."

When Landry observed that Morton had matured considerably in recent months, I couldn't help but think of Don Meredith. That word—*mature*. Landry never considered Meredith mature, because Meredith didn't believe in the same things Landry did.

Meredith quit pro football at the age of 30 after Landry pulled him in the 1968 playoff game against Cleveland, replacing him with young Craig Morton, the nonplaying hero. The story is that Meredith went to Landry's office in the offseason, hoping for some reassurance. When Meredith told Landry that he was seriously thinking of retiring, he fully expected Landry to talk him out of it. Instead, Landry said, "Don, I think you're doing the right thing," then invited Meredith down on his knees for a prayer.

There had been speculation that Morton would retire or, more likely,

demand to be traded before the start of the 1972 season. Instead, Craig *matured*. He had, as Landry noted, abandoned his "playboy image" and joined the Lovers Lane Methodist Church, a sister church to Landry's own.

"It was a decision he alone had to make," Landry told me, meaning Craig's return to the team, not the church. "He wanted a chance to win back his job. As it developed, he didn't have a chance to win it back. Roger was hurt and suddenly Craig was our only quarterback."

I asked Landry about his policy of sending in plays. Didn't that make his quarterback something less than a leader of men? I mean, this was a delicate situation. Not as gregarious as Meredith or as singleminded as Staubach, Morton had to lead by example. Morton had told me, "When you're faced with certain situations (a bum shoulder, for example) it's hard to offset it when you're not calling your own plays. A quarterback only succeeds when he does what he believes in. Take Kilmer. His arm is not that strong, but he knows what he can do. He defeats them with his strength . . . with the thing he does best."

Landry had heard the question many times. "The execution of the play, not the selection, is what gains confidence," he answered. "It's how you handle yourself in a tough situation."

After the Cowboys demolished the Redskins and clinched a spot against the 49ers in the playoffs, Morton walked around naked, shaking hands with his offensive linemen. Craig had not had a spectacular game—seven completions for 61 yards (four others were dropped)—but Dallas controlled the ball with a running game that accounted for 246 yards, executing Landry's game plan to perfection. Long after the others had dressed and gone, Morton was still in front of his locker, answering questions from the press. Finally, there was only Morton, me and the cleanup crew.

"You've got your God-and-country line down pretty good," I told him.

And for a moment, his good-old-boy grin relaxed, and he said with a thin trace of bitterness, "The only questions they ever ask me are about Staubach."

Anyone with a TV set knows about the Miracle of Candlestick Park, how Roger Staubach came off the bench

and threw two touchdown passes in the final four minutes and beat San Francisco in the first round of the playoffs. Until the resurrection of St. Roger, the 49ers had things their own way, having converted a Morton fumble and a Morton interception into 14 points.

You may have seen it on your TV screen, too, when Landry walked over in the fourth quarter and told Morton he was through. Morton said, "Okay." Then he went over and wished Staubach luck.

Landry made his decision to pull Morton after Bob Hayes dropped a sure TD pass, a fact that may or may not be significant to the story of Craig Morton, but one that was central to the hubbub of guessing and second-guessing which led into the NFC championship game the following week in Washington.

All week before Washington, Landry played games with the press, with George Allen, with his own players, and maybe even with himself. Morton or Staubach? The man who got them into the playoffs, or the man whose miracle kept them there for at least another week? It seemed incredible that after all these weeks—all these years, really—Landry still couldn't make up his mind.

I never doubted that Landry would go with Staubach. My conversations with the Cowboys that week dictated that judgment. The tributes to Craig that had come so naturally one week earlier stuck now in the Cowboys' throats.

"For Godsake, don't quote me," said one player, "but it's this way: Morton can go along with the trend of the team, but he can't change it. Staubach can. We saw it all last year, and we saw it last week."

I asked Bob Hayes what he thought would have happened if he had caught that touchdown pass from Morton; and Hayes, who didn't catch a touchdown pass all year, rolled his eyes and said: "We'd have lost."

The only principal who thought Craig Morton should start against the Redskins was Craig Morton. Reporters confronted him on Wednesday at the Cowboy Club where he had come to accept his award (a vacation for two in Acapulco) as the Most Popular Cowboy; ironically, a surge of more than 1000 votes in the final week had pushed him ahead of Staubach.

Craig analyzed the situation per-

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flectly. He told the reporters, "I've always played well against the Redskins. You have to be very careful. You have to know and be alert which way their linebackers and special defenses are going. You have to keep yourself out of second-and-nine and second-and-eight situations."

Landry would announce his decision after Thursday afternoon practice. Radio and TV men, and sportswriters from Dallas and Washington, hung around the practice field, mingling with kids and housewives with new Christmas Instamatics. George Allen himself could have walked in and watched practice. The only secret was locked in the mind of Tom Landry.

Inside the field house after practice, before the announcement, Morton and Staubach sat at adjoining lockers and tried to joke with the writers.

"You mean he hasn't told either of you, either?" asked a writer. "That's a hell of a way to run a railroad."

"Depends on who's the conductor," Staubach smiled.

Morton wore his smile, but said nothing.

"How about a statement?" said a writer.

"If it's me," said Staubach, "quote me as saying it's tremendous . . . the most exciting day of my life. If it's Craig, then say I'll do everything in my power to help the team."

"Well said," said Morton.

"Now," Staubach said, slipping into his overcoat, "you won't have to phone me tonight. I can watch films, study my notes and play with my kids."

An hour later, in the Cowboy publicity office, Landry announced that Staubach was his man. "The reason primarily is that Roger brought us to this game," Landry said. "My feeling is he ought to have his chance to see what he can do. This decision is based only on this one game. It doesn't mean Craig is now No. 2."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, "if Roger wins this game, there's no way you'll start Craig in the Super Bowl. If he loses, then there is no tomorrow."

"I didn't say that," Landry answered. "You said that."

After the press conference, I downed two quick whiskies and drove to Craig's house in an upper-middle-class neighborhood not far from the practice field. It was a large, modern

home of thick carpets, a walnut stereo that ran the length of the living room, a wine rack, a swingout bar, leather-covered furniture, a mobile of autographed game balls hanging above the fireplace—not the sort of place you would expect a bachelor to have. There was a permanency about it.

Craig was rubbing his elbow as he admitted me. "I just hit my funny bone on the corner of the table," he said.

Craig poured me a drink and we talked about the future. How he wanted a wife and a family. He had been married briefly in college, but it didn't work. Wellington's was making money, and should make more in the future. He had almost recovered from bankruptcy. "I'm a truster of people," he said. "I tend to judge people as I judge myself. It hurts when you learn you can't trust people who are very important to you."

By now the news of Landry's decision was on radio and TV. People were already reacting.

"I used to think I knew what was going to happen," he said. "Now . . . it's like when Bob Hayes dropped the ball in San Francisco. . . ."

"I saw it on TV," I said. "You fell flat on your back, as though you had been shot. What was going through your mind?"

"I was thinking: What else can happen. Then today . . . something else did happen. What can I say? I'm very disappointed. Having Roger come in and win was great, but this decision should be based on more than just those few plays."

"Landry says you've matured."

Craig smiled, this time a private smile. "I have. When I first came here, I was restless. I wanted something to happen and I wanted it right

ANSWERS
From page 28

- 1 a. 2 c. 3 b. 4 c. 5 c. 6 Bobby Clarke—Masterton Memorial; Bobby Orr—Hart Memorial; Phil Esposito—Art Ross Memorial; Ken Dryden—Calder Memorial.
- 7 a. 8 b. 9 a. 10 a. 11 b. 12 b. 13 b. 14 a. 15 c. 16 b.

then. I had no goals, no purpose. What I did have was a super ego. But I've had my thrills and I've had my disappointments. I used to worry what people thought of me, but that's all in the past."

"What now?"

"I'll have to wait and see. Maybe Roger won't do so well against Washington. Maybe I'll come in like he did and save the game."

"And if that doesn't happen? Say, just for the sake of argument, that Dallas loses and you have to watch the whole thing from the bench."

Craig shook his head as though he saw the absurdity of his hopes, as though, after all this time, he knew that faith was just another word for nothing else to lose.

"I'd have to wait and see," he said.

It was time for Craig to go pick up his date, a beautiful woman named Brent. "Stay here and finish your drink," he said. "I'll be right back."

I made a fresh drink and sat in front of the Christmas tree, reflecting on disappointment, recalling something Craig had said: "You can't blame others for your shortcomings."

Then who can you blame? In a country where being big, handsome and talented is a national virtue, where honor is equated with victory, and victory is presumed to be the reward for hard work, is there in fact *blame*? Damn right, I decided.

The door bell rang. I opened the front door and looked down on a chubby girl in glasses and a Sewer Queen sweatshirt. She told me her name was Gina, and she had come to see Craig Morton.

"I just heard it on the radio," she said. "I was so shocked I jumped right in my car and drove here."

"Are you a friend of Craig's?"

"I interviewed him once with my college journalism class," Gina said. "He told us to come see him any time. He was so wonderful."

Anyone with a TV set knows what happened against Washington. Staubach bombed out, and the defending Super Bowl champions were humiliated in a style reminiscent of the 1968 Cleveland game that finished Don Meredith's career. There was one big difference this time: Landry didn't pull Staubach.

For whatever consolation it was worth, this was one they couldn't blame on Craig Morton.

He never got off the bench. ■

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MIKE RIORDAN

(Continued from page 75)

every team plays some kind of sophisticated zone and they all have the big man back there blocking up the middle. Once they get a chance to set up, it's hard to get your offense moving freely. The way we see it is that a team must break in order to win. A quick forward puts another man out there who can run and get the shot before the defense gets together. The whole league is going this way; look at guys like John Havlicek, Lew Hudson and Bill Bradley. We have Wes Unseld and Elvin Hayes to handle the boards so Mike can be on the break as soon as the shot goes up. The Knicks never had the board strength for Mike to play this kind of game."

Mike had been the first Bullet out on the Civic Center floor for the Knick game. After trading jump shots and gossip with two New York early birds, Phil Jackson and Jerry Lucas, Riordan launched into a dozen full-court wind sprints, dribbling hard from one basket to the other. He didn't stop running until the game was over.

The Bullets won, 89-77. Mike's line in the scorebook wasn't impres-

sive—46 minutes played, eight points, eight rebounds and two assists—but he had done things which couldn't be graphed, added or averaged.

For example, Archie Clark, just recently signed after a 43-game holdout, had his troubles chasing Walt Frazier in the first quarter. Clark looked like a candidate for a whirlpool bath; he had scored nothing, and the Bullets trailed, 22-15. In the second quarter, Riordan played guard, shut out Frazier, and got the Bullets' offense moving again.

At forward, Riordan guarded Bill Bradley; Bradley got only eight shots and six points. "Mike is quick and smart," Bradley said after the game. "It's hard to shake him on a pick or screen; he beats me to the spot or he fights his way through."

Mike Riordan comes from Bayside in Queens, the fringe of New York City, and he leans toward the Bayside mod look. Soiled sneakers, stained dungarees and spotted sweatshirts. He also wears an off-white undershirt, torn around the neck. "So that the hair on my chest shows when I wear open-neck shirts," Mike explains.

The leprechauns who watch over Mike have compensated for his lack of sartorial flair by imbuing him with an honest, friendly manner and an open face. Everything about Riordan makes people feel comfortable.

He is a family man, devoted to his wife and his two daughters. He is a dedicated athlete, totally committed to basketball as a way of life. He is sincere and guileless, without a trace of pretense. It sounds almost corny, but Mike Riordan is a good man to visit, a good man to know, a good man to team with on the court.

Mike Riordan started playing basketball when he was five years old. He went to Holy Cross High School in Bayside and played in the shadow of Kenny McIntyre, who went on to become a star at St. John's and a washout in the NBA. "Kenny scored 25, 30 points a game," Mike recalls, "but somehow I managed to get named to a couple of honorable mention 'all' teams—it was no big deal—and I got a handful of scholarship offers. But my coach knew a guy who knew a guy who played college ball with a guy who was a 'gopher' for Joe Mullaney at Providence."

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Mike wound up at Providence in the post-Lenny Wilkens era. It was the Jimmy Walker era. "Jimmy was unselfish," says Mike, "but he averaged over 30 a game and that didn't leave a whole lot left over for the rest of us. I got about 14 my senior year, but most of it was on garbage and on just following Jimmy around and putting in what dropped off him."

Pro scouts flocked to Providence to check out Walker, and at least one of them also liked what he saw of Riordan—Red Holzman, then the Knicks' chief scout. "Mike was a hard worker, played good defense, ran all night, needed work on shooting and ballhandling," Holzman remembers.

All of Mike's hard work at Providence got the Knicks to select him only as a "supplemental" pick in the 1967 NBA draft.

Riordan might have disappeared without a real test if it hadn't been for Bill Bradley. Scholar Bill had just emerged from Oxford, and in June of 1967, the Knicks were eager to see what he could do. Mike just happened to be in the neighborhood and the Knicks invited him, and a few other

warm bodies, to come down and work out with Bradley. A floor was thrown down at the Garden and, for four days, the Knicks studied Bradley. They had no choice but to take a look at Riordan, too. Mike was in good shape, as always. The Knicks told him to come back to camp in the fall.

"I played well in the regular training camp," Mike says, "but there was still no room in the Knicks' backcourt. They suggested that I play with Allentown in the Eastern League. I was kind of taxi-squared."

Holzman, now the Knick coach, insists that New York paid Riordan nothing while he was with Allentown. Mike says otherwise. "They paid me half of the minimum but I never signed a contract with the Knicks. I guess they try to keep that stuff quiet; it's probably illegal. If I had signed, and they wanted to cut me from the big club, they would have been forced to put me on waivers."

The Eastern League is a basketball limbo for rookies who lack the speed, the shot, or the savvy to play pro ball—and for aging players hanging on for another paycheck.

From this graveyard, Riordan rose

to the NBA the following year.

The cynical know that the NBA expanded in 1968 for the sole purpose of enriching the league's owners. The more enlightened realize that expansion was merely a plot to deplete the Knick backcourt and get Mike Riordan into the league.

For the next year, during the 1968-69 season, Mike's uniform stayed clean and dry; mostly, he just mastered the art of giving fouls, an art now extinct, killed by a rule change. "It had to be done," he says, "and I didn't mind doing it. It was just a way of getting time that I wouldn't have gotten otherwise."

Putting occasional bearhugs on opponents is not the way most ballplayers improve their game, so whenever the Knicks were off, Mike would turn up at St. John's or Hofstra or any place he could get a workout. Mike polished his shooting during these pickup games and, not being an exceptional one-on-one player, learned to use his teammates' picks and screens to get his shot off.

Mike worked hard and learned well and in his second year with the Knicks—their championship year—he be-

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came the third guard behind Walt Frazier and Dick Barnett. "My role on the club," Mike says, "was to play defense, take the ballhandling pressure off the other guard and get the ball to the shooters." Occasionally, Mike would get to play most of a game—usually when somebody was injured—and every now and then, he'd explode for 15 or 18 points. Many of his explosions seemed to come against Baltimore. So it wasn't a major shock—just a minor one—when the Knicks traded Riordan and Dave Stallworth for the Bullets' Earl Monroe in the middle of the 1971-72 season.

"Monroe didn't want to play here anymore," Gene Shue says, "so the trade was a forced one. There just wasn't a whole lot available because many coaches were afraid of Earl's style. Let's face it, at the time Mike was just sitting on the bench. Stallworth was the established player; he was the guy we thought would be playing for us."

When Mike arrived in Baltimore, he had a bad wrist and a good seat—right on the Bullets' bench. But the wrist soon healed and, when starting guard Phil Chenier injured his leg,

Riordan got to start the last 15 games of the 1971-72 season. Shue told Mike to flatten out his jump shot, and suddenly Riordan began to score. He finished the year averaging 9.5 a game, nearly twice as much as he had scored as a part-time Knick.

The Bullets played well the day after the peanut-brittle clinic, but everything Los Angeles threw up went in. The Lakers won a close ballgame. Riordan played a fairly typical game. He scampered around with that long-armed, chesty run of his, contributing 14 points, six assists and a good defensive job on Jim McMillian, whose new fur coat had been the subject of much pre-game chatter. Stan Love of the Bullets summed up the coat in three words: "It's just bait."

As McMillian groomed his fur after the game, he talked about what a chore it was to go against Riordan. "Bags [a nickname Riordan acquired in New York] runs so much," said McMillian, "that you have to concentrate 100 percent on defending him. This means that you have to rest on offense, which, in turn, makes it easier for him to play you."

In the Bullets' locker room, Gene

Shue talked about Riordan with almost patriotic zeal. "I like everything about him," Shue said. "It's been an uphill struggle for him all the way, but he has seized every opportunity and made his own breaks. I admire people who go out there every day and do their jobs without bellyaching about everything. Hard work and dedication—that's the American way."

Stan Love was sitting at a rock concert, listening to a group called Traffic, lost in a young, nubile crowd. "Nah," said Love, "Bags never goes to these things. He is as straight as an arrow, but you've got to love him. There are a hundred guys in the league with more physical ability than he has, but nobody drives himself any harder."

Love paused to eye a few passing bodies. "The dude just never stands still. Sometimes I have to guard him in practice. When I lose him, I just hang out and pick him up the next time he comes around."

Love shook his head. "I mean," he said, summing up Riordan as neatly as he had McMillian's fur, "you can break a sweat just watching him." ■

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WHEN BRAD PARK GETS HURT . . .

(Continued from page 56)

make more money or you go home." The NHL's highest salaried defenseman at about \$200,000 a year (Orr reportedly earns \$180,000 on a long-term contract), Park refuses to enter into debates about his dollar value.

The Rangers, overall, have the highest payroll in hockey but have not won the Stanley Cup since 1940, despite making the playoffs for the past seven years in a row, a state of affairs royally galling in a metropolis that has produced relatively recent world champions in the Jets, Mets and the Rangers' Garden cohabitants, the Knicks. Significantly, management could be repaid Park's salary quickly if he leads the Rangers to an extra playoff round and additional capacity crowds for Madison Square Garden.

Lesser-paid Rangers seem to appreciate that the superstars push all salaries skyward. Quips Pete Stempkowski, hockey's funniest Polish sausage, to Park: "Even the goons are making 80 thou."

Stempkowski, team captain Vic Hadfield and Park, the latter two roommates on the road, furnish the humor that enables the Rangers to stay relaxed and occupied during the playoffs. Hadfield and Park have been known to tie a string to a scrap of paper in the locker room, hide, then, when their fastidious coach Francis launches one of his tidying-up tours, snatch the paper away.

Francis moves the team to quiet suburban resort hotels before playoff games and cuts off all phone calls and other distractions. Into this austere environment, some chuckles must fall. Last year during the bristling series against Chicago, several Rangers, including Park and Hadfield, were passing a long day playing a 25-cent pool table. Eventually they ran out of quarters.

Showing the resourcefulness that makes them champions, they stuffed towels from the men's room into the table pockets and continued playing. Two hours later the manager braced them, acting on an anonymous complaint. The complaint, it was later learned, had come from Hadfield, who had slipped away from the game unnoticed.

The Rangers are able to laugh when Hadfield sneaks away from a pool game. It isn't funny when Brad Park misses a hockey game. When Park is gone, all the Rangers hurt. ■

CLEVELAND'S LENNY WILKENS

(Continued from page 74)

strong-willed man in the role of a controversial and misunderstood character.

In his early years in St. Louis, he was the model of unselfishness as the playmaker for the Hawks' more publicized stars. But when dissension rent the team in the mid-1960s, he was fingered as one of the culprits; and when the Hawks' new owners in Atlanta began trying to hold down salaries, Wilkens was the first to be offered a pay cut—and traded away. As coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, he nursed a struggling young team to the point where it had the sixth-best record in the entire NBA; but he was publicly second-guessed and then relieved of his coaching duties. Finally, when the Sonics traded him to Cleveland last fall, the Seattle management intimated that, as a mere player, Wilkens might have been a disruptive force, seeking to undermine the coach who had replaced him. To an athlete who had devoted an entire career to developing himself as a team player, that was the unkindest cut of all.

"Sometimes I ask myself, 'Why me?'" Wilkens admits. "Why do I end up in the middle of all this stuff? I'm not the type of person to cause problems. People who know me know that I'd do anything to help my club. At least, I think they should know that. Then, the next thing I know, I'm traded."

If the controversies and trades have overshadowed Wilkens' accomplishments in some circles, they have made little impression on those who work closest to him. "The Seattle people were as far wrong as they could be when they said Lenny wouldn't fit in with a new coach," says Cleveland coach Bill Fitch. "Basketball is basically an ego trip; you don't keep going through 82 games without an ego to drive you. But Lenny is one guy who's got himself completely under control. There's no greed or selfishness in him. Anybody can act like a great team man when you're winning. The real test comes when you're losing, blowing close games and getting the kind of bad breaks we call 'Cavalier luck.' Lenny's been through that with us—and he's proved just how great he is."

In this season's All-Star game, coach Tommy Heinsohn of the Boston Celtics needed no proof. When Kansas City-Omaha's brilliant Nate Archibald began destroying Heinsohn's East squad in the first half, the

coach turned quickly to Wilkens. Lenny willingly sacrificed the other aspects of his game to concentrate on stopping Archibald—and his second-half defensive performance was a key to the East's victory.

Bill Bradley of New York, known for his own cerebral approach to the game, gives a succinct analysis of Wilkens' basketball brains. "He's probably the smartest backcourt man we ever face," says Bradley. "The only guy who might compare to him is Jerry West, but I think Lenny is a little more conscious of mismatches and open men than West. And he has a great ability to deceive the defense. Everybody in the league knows that he's going to his left almost all the time, but somehow he makes a little move that convinces you he's going right—and then he goes to his left again and beats you."

Many NBA players share Bradley's opinion—to a far greater degree than outside observers. In his final year with St. Louis, for example, Wilkens averaged only ten points per game; when the press chose the official All-NBA team, he didn't even make the second five. But when the players were polled to select a Most Valuable Player, Wilkens placed second to Wilt Chamberlain, who had enjoyed his greatest season. "You get nothing for second," Lenny says wryly. "But it was still something I could relish—because it was the judgment of the players."

Perhaps those MVP votes and the recognition he invariably wins when he competes in All-Star games will prove to be the highest honors that Wilkens will ever take from his trade. "I guess," he says, "the real high point of anyone's career would be winning a championship—but then I can't say first-hand." He smiles resignedly as he speaks, for he knows that an NBA title is now beyond his reach, at least during his active playing days. The Cavaliers are young, eager and full of potential, but they are years away from serious contention; even an athlete as marvelously conditioned as Wilkens cannot expect to last until their future arrives. "But even if I'm not here to see it when this team finally gets it all together," he says, "I'll find some satisfaction in knowing that I helped it along the way."

Wilkens came to Cleveland reluctantly, holding out until six games into the season while he weighed his home

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and business interests in Seattle against the lure of continuing his playing career. When he arrived, he might have been expected to be less than enthusiastic about plunging into his new situation. But Wilkens wasted no time in establishing himself in a position that is virtually unique in pro basketball.

As an ex-coach, Lenny is a valuable aide to Fitch, making suggestions, transmitting plans and messages to others during games—and silencing the critics by exhibiting what Fitch calls "the kind of loyalty you can only appreciate when you've been a coach yourself." As a veteran on one of the NBA's youngest teams, Lenny is the captain, the player representative and the steady influence. He is free with advice and instruction to the inexperienced Cavs, and he also offers a vivid example of the kind of hard work and clean living that might keep some of them around the league for 13 years. And as a player, he is still Lenny Wilkens at his best, playing far more than the Cavs had dared to expect and scoring as prolifically as he ever did before.

As leaders of a team, Fitch and Wilkens present some interesting contrasts. Fitch is basketball's flamboyant master of one-liners, a man who has taken the great gamble of laughing at his own pathetic team—and has apparently gotten away with it. Now that the Cavs are getting less pitiable, the coach is still playing things largely for laughs. "When a guy plays badly," he says, "I can't very well threaten him, 'Shape up or I'll ship you to the Lakers.' We were born crippled in the expansion, and we're stuck with it. Our farm club has to learn by playing 82 games a year—for us."

While Fitch entertains and explains at post-game sessions, Wilkens takes defeats much harder, undressing slowly and keeping to himself in front of his locker. "I've never been a good loser," he admits. "I can handle it, but I'll never like it." He understands that Fitch's manner hides an equally strong will to win—but he will never be able to share in it.

Nevertheless, the two men have enjoyed a rapport from the start. "If some guy sleeping on a park bench has an idea for me, I'll listen," says Fitch. "So naturally I'm delighted to have a proven coach giving suggestions. Look at the job Lenny did in Seattle, holding his team together despite serious injuries. Around here, if

the ballboy used to get hurt, we'd go into a slump. As soon as we got Lenny, I knew that my door would always be wide open to him." The night Wilkens flew into Cleveland, in fact, Fitch picked him up at the airport at 2 a.m., and the two watched films for the next three hours. Two nights later Lenny was in the lineup—and the Cavs began to look like a different team.

Off the court, Wilkens is not particularly close to the Cavaliers' young stars, such as Austin Carr, Johnny Johnson and Dwight Davis. The wide gap in ages naturally steers them toward different social activities, and Lenny's experience as a player-coach forced him to maintain a certain distance from his players. But the younger men look at him with deep respect and respond enthusiastically to his advice.

He has been especially influential in the development of Carr, the former Notre Dame hero who is still erratic but appears a cinch to become a pro superstar. "Austin has more talent than I ever had when I came up," Lenny says. "But I can help him in using it, by getting him to pick out the easy shots. He's good enough to take difficult shots and make them, but he'll be even better when he makes it easier on himself. To do that, he has to keep learning when to penetrate and when to stay outside. He has to recognize situations and take advantage of them."

In that department, Wilkens is still without peer. "I always had a wide view of the court," he says. "But maybe coaching expanded my outlook even more. The second I get the ball, I'm watching the whole defense. You'd be surprised how many times forwards will turn their backs on their men as they retreat downcourt; sometimes you can hit an open guy for a basket before the defenders even turn around. Also, you get to know teams' tendencies: Which ones switch on picks or fade back toward the hoop. That kind of knowledge lets you drive, shoot or pass without hesitation—and that edge can produce points."

Executing those plans can be arduous work, of course, particularly when the opposing team happens to be bigger and better than the Cavaliers—as most teams are. So Wilkens takes a fearsome beating in some games, without attracting undue attention from the officials. "Any time your game is based on penetrating through

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the defense," he explains, "you're going to get hit. And playing for Cleveland is like playing my first season in Seattle; when you're an expansion team, if there's any reasonable doubt on a contact play, you won't get the foul called. To make it tougher, the top officials don't usually get assigned to the lower teams. Richie Powers is the best, and we're lucky if we see him on the court once in a couple of months."

As painful as the physical aspects of Wilkens' game may be, he has proven to be one of the most durable athletes in pro ball. Ever since those formative afternoons in Bedford-Stuyvesant, he has been slammed by the elbows and bodies of stronger and taller men, and somehow, he has avoided serious injuries and outlasted them all. The pains that have affected Wilkens more deeply have been inflicted off the courts.

The St. Louis Hawks were a good team, and as the man who quarterbacked their attack, Wilkens enjoyed some soaring moments with them. But he joined them with an \$8000 rookie contract and they kept him at that rock-bottom level even when he made the All-Star team in his third season—an arrangement he still views with understandable bitterness. "It was," he says, "the only time I did something really naïve. And I got badly burned for it."

Later, there was a strange, highly publicized feud that began with a relatively minor matter: In planning a State Department tour in South America, coach Richie Guerin left Wilkens off and took Bill Bridges instead. Somehow the affair escalated to a point where Wilkens and Bridges, both proud and determined men, were each taking offense at almost everything the other said or did. When the Hawks won their division and the season ended with a Lenny Wilkens Night, the squabble was shoved into the background. But it soon cropped up again in the salary negotiations that were to speed Wilkens toward Seattle. The Atlanta group that had bought the Hawks began by making an insultingly low offer to Lenny, then proceeded to dredge up charges that he was selfish, jealous and a source of discontent on the team.

The nasty accusations were soon forgotten in Seattle, where Wilkens became the star of a team that rapidly won acceptance from the town. Lenny, his wife Marilyn and their

three children settled there and began to think of it as home; they liked the city and the team, and management obviously thought highly of Lenny. After one season, owner Sam Schulman offered him the job of player-coach.

"Maybe it was too early in my career," Wilkens says now. "But I felt it was a chance I couldn't pass up. Mr. Schulman said it was my team to run the way I wanted, and he kept his words—until near the end. And in my own mind, I had some big ideas about what I could do with my chance to coach."

Above all, Wilkens was determined to convince his players that they could beat anyone. The Sonics improved steadily, and when Schulman lured Spencer Haywood from the American Basketball Association at the end of Wilkens' second season as coach, the future looked brighter still. "The guys were getting to be proud of being Sonics," Lenny recalls, "and the mood projected itself to the fans. It was supposed to be a depressed economy there, but attendance kept going up and everybody shared in our great hopes."

The hopes were also the beginning of the player-coach's problems. As the 1971-72 season approached, Wilkens counted on real progress—as long as several variables turned out for the best. If Haywood shook himself free from litigation and played to his abilities, if Bob Rule came back successfully from an Achilles tendon injury and if the other key men stayed healthy, Wilkens—and his boss—could reasonably hope for a playoff spot.

None of the good things happened. Haywood was brilliant at times, but he was also distracted by lawyers and critics—and he was injured during the crucial stretch drive. Rule never regained his mobility, and other important men like Don Smith and Dick Snyder were sidelined for important periods of the season. All things considered, the Sonics could have collapsed completely under the strain. Instead, Wilkens' makeshift lineups compiled the sixth-best record in the league and fell short of the playoffs only in the final days of the season.

"I thought we had reason to be proud," Lenny says. "But I guess I wasn't paying attention, because the second-guessing had already reached a peak. I finally read a story that said I couldn't go on handling both jobs,

playing and coaching. It didn't take much to figure out who planted that story."

When Schulman verified the story and asked for Lenny's choice, Wilkens felt little sorrow about ducking the second-guessing and resuming life as a player. By the time new coach Tom Nissalke called him and assured him that they would have no problems together, Wilkens was actually feeling relieved. "I felt that I had been part of management, building a team that was going places. And I was happy to keep building it as a player. It was unsettling, to say the least, to find out that they had deceived me all along." The message came in the form of his trade to Cleveland.

The Sonics began their new season with several million dollars worth of front-court talent, all spirited away from the ABA. Unfortunately, they had no one who could make their edition of the "ABA All Stars"—Haywood, Jim McDaniels and John Brisker—function as a team; they also had no playmaker to help them get open and then get them the ball. The man who might have done both those jobs was occupied elsewhere—helping to make the lowly Cavaliers into a better basketball team than the talented Sonics.

"Yes," Wilkens says with his soft smile, "it's a crazy game. But then, these are crazy times." Beyond that, he refuses to gloat over the Sonics' misfortunes. As for coaching again, he replies, "It's something I'd like to do—but I reserve the right to change my mind on that."

For the moment, playing remains very much in Wilkens' system. "There are days when I'll lie in bed, all bruised and tired, and tell myself I really don't want to play," he admits. "But when I get to the arena, the adrenalin will start to flow. Then I'll get dressed, and it will really be pumping. And when I step onto the court, I'm really excited by the chance to show my best. Different things motivate different people—and that feeling, that desire to perform well is what motivates me."

"The guy has played hurt, he's played sick, he's played tired," says Fitch. "If you want to know the meaning of a pro, he's your best definition."

Wilkens doesn't fool anybody anymore: Everybody knows he's a ball-player. ■

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(Continued from page 46)

He enjoyed four especially memorable days: On May 15, he hit his 300th career homer; on May 19, he drove in six runs in a single game; on August 8, he hit three homers and had seven RBIs, and on August 17, he collected his 2000th career basehit. Understandably, he looked forward to the following season.

"I felt real good about 1972," he says. "We had our best club since '69 when we should have won the pennant. Still don't know how the Mets did it; we had a better team."

Williams' title hopes for last season were overly optimistic. Pittsburgh had the best club in the National League's East Division, and the Cubs were hardly in the race. Chicago needed superstar seasons from several players. Williams couldn't do it alone, but he did demonstrate how it should be done.

On July 11, in a doubleheader against Houston, Billy treated a packed house at Wrigley Field to a Williams Spectacular. He racked seven Astro pitchers for eight straight hits, a perfect day at bat. He collected two hom-

ers, a double, five singles, a sacrifice fly and four RBIs. His eight hits were one short of the major-league record for a doubleheader. Still, the Cubs split the twin bill.

Two weeks later Leo Durocher was fired and Whitey Lockman took over as Cub manager. The move didn't hurt the Pirates' chances but it made the Cubs look better. Chicago won 60 percent of their remaining games to finish with their best won-lost record in 34 years.

On September 27, Billy hit the seventh grand-slam home run of his career in the Cubs' final road game at Montreal. With six games to play he had a virtual lock on the batting title and had a shot at the Triple Crown, trailing Johnny Bench by four homers and just one RBI. What's more, he was headed home to Wrigley Field where he had averaged .400 all season.

"I had 'home run' on my mind and that hurt. I was missing a lot of pitches I should have been hitting. Trying too hard for the long ball when I really knew better."

On October 1, Billy hit his 37th

homer to beat Bob Gibson and the Cardinals, but after the game he said he was through worrying about home runs for the rest of the season.

"Everybody has always said I should win a batting title," he explained, "but I've never really had a shot like this year. There's no use gambling with it."

There was a mild protest. Some writers and fans thought Billy should go all out for the Triple Crown. But the Cubs had cinched second place and Billy had the batting trophy in hand. Many thought he'd also win the league's Most Valuable Player award.

On the last day of the season, 24 writers from the 12 league cities mailed their ballots for the MVP to New York where they would remain sealed until after the World Series. One writer omitted Williams altogether from his ten-player ballot.

Early in November, Billy and Shirley Williams flew to Hawaii for a vacation. "We were in Maui when the news of the vote came out," Williams recalls. "I had been talking to the manager of the hotel about it earlier. It was nine, ten o'clock when he calls the room and says, 'You heard the news? You finished second.' And I said, 'That's the news!' It was really disheartening. I thought it was going to ruin the vacation. My wife wanted to come on back home."

"Sometimes you wonder about the voting. It ought to be based on how valuable a player is to his club. That's the way it should be, but I guess it isn't. The commissioner ought to lay it out, decide what the rules should be."

Williams' fans were shocked and there were charges of racism, echoing from the 1971 voting when Joe Torre won over Willie Stargell. Billy dismissed the likelihood.

"I'm not going to say anything about that. But you have to face facts. If playing on a pennant winner is the most important rule, then Stargell should have won it that year, shouldn't he?"

Soon, however, Chicago's most valuable player found more to grin about than to regret. "I've washed it out of my mind," he said a couple months after the season ended. "It's happened now, just water under the dam. Let's talk about next year. Maybe we'll win the pennant. Maybe I can get the Triple Crown. Think that would do it?"

It probably would, but then Williams isn't going to spend the season

worrying about what it will take for him to win the MVP. Billy tends to shrug off rewards as well as rebuffs. He knows who he is, what he can do and the importance of being himself.

"People say I'm not an exciting ball-player, and people like to see exciting stuff. I'm not too controversial and you have to be controversial to get the publicity. But that's not in my nature."

Fortunately the baseball public still has time to learn to fully appreciate Williams. In the last three seasons, he has averaged .313, the best record of any big-leaguer and an indication that he may be getting better with age. During his career, Williams has tied three major-league batting records and, if he plays as long as he plans (he wants to be a 20-year man), he will probably eclipse all of the Cub records on offense now held by Ernie Banks.

On a sunny winter afternoon between seasons Billy relaxed in the basement recreation room of his South Shore home, amid the prizes and mementos, the plaques and souvenirs of his big-league career. It's an imposing collection of memorabilia displayed in a proper setting. A standard-sized Brunswick pool table takes up three-fourths of the floor. Along one wall is a massive trophy case crammed with ornaments of distinction. Against the far wall is a well stocked built-in bar, its front faced with glass bricks, two of them emblazoned with Williams' initials and lit with blue lights. Williams talked about trophy collecting, and hitting and sundry satisfying experiences.

"The pool table was one of the gifts I got from the fans," he said. "I'm getting pretty good at it again. Used to play all the time my first season as a pro. Used to play in the YMCA at Ponca City. They had a couple tables there. It was just about the only thing to do in that town."

Along the west wall of his den, a portable Panasonic color TV rested precariously on a stand whose legs were made with used, Billy Williams-model baseball bats.

"One of those bats won the '64 All-Star game at Shea Stadium," he explained. "Johnny Callison borrowed it and hit a three-run homer in the last inning. He said he'd give me anything I wanted if I'd let him keep the bat. But I wanted that one to go with the other one I used that day. How many guys have two different bats that

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hit homers in an All-Star game?"

Williams had used one of his bats to account for the National League's first run with a fourth-inning homer. The Callison blow capped a four-run rally that won the game, 7-4. The two bats, now put to practical use, may be the most treasured of Williams' All-Star souvenirs, but Billy has one from each of his five All-Star Game appearances stashed in the room-length trophy case. The shelves are cluttered; Billy's wife, Shirley, has given up on keeping everything dust-free.

"Of all the things in there, I guess the Rookie-of-the-Year trophy is the best 'cause it was the first and it started the whole thing."

That first trophy, an inscribed silver bowl, is overshadowed by larger, if less prestigious awards, including a spectacular loving cup named in honor of Elwood "Bingo" DeMoss. DeMoss was the all-time great second baseman who played and later managed in Negro pro leagues during the first half of the 20th century. He later founded the Old Ballplayers of Chicago, a group of black ex-pros who

annually give an award to a local black ballplayer.

Perversely, Billy Williams would rather talk about a plaque he received from the Boy Scouts of America.

"Friend of mine, Rudolph Hudnell, from down home, came to Chicago working for the Boy Scouts. He asked if I could help him out. So I did. Got him 1200 new scouts in '69. So they gave me that plaque—for leading the country in recruiting . . . or something like that."

Williams still tends to be shy when talking about his awards. But get him on the subject of hitting, and he'll go on at length. To Williams, B., as well as to Williams, T., hitting is a science rather than an art, an acquired skill rather than an inherent talent. Good hitters are made, not born.

"So many things can go wrong at the plate," he said. "Sometimes you can feel what you're doing. Like overstriding. It's the worst thing I do. Some things you do wrong other guys can see better than you. Lifting your head. Dropping your elbow. Some little things you can see only on film. I look at movies all the time. Even

after the season, I take a couple of reels home with me, put them on my projector and study them during the winter.

"The last three, four years I've been able to help a few guys," he continued. "They see me hitting good and they ask me how I do it. Well, if hitting is your strong point, you're always watching other guys all the time anyway."

Williams at bat is a classic study. Upright, slightly closed stance. Arms fairly close to the body, elbows parallel to the ground. Bat held high to increase leverage and insure a looping swing that increases power.

"Two things you have to concentrate on. You gotta see the ball all the way, from the time the pitcher releases it. And you have to have your arms in the right position before you swing. I used to measure where my arms should be by the 'C' on my uniform. The bat right above it, my hands opposite it. Kept my elbow up."

Each time at bat Williams tests both eyes and swing in a peculiar ritual that makes squeamish Little League mothers wince.

"A lot of people think I'm spitting and trying to hit the spit. But what it is is this: Just before I go up to the on-deck circle I start chewing a little piece of Spearmint gum. Then just before I step in to hit I take a whack at it. Doesn't look so good, I guess but it doesn't do any harm. Just a habit I got into when I was hitting good so I kept doing it."

Billy's worst habit, according to National League pitchers, is hitting baseballs much harder than he does Spearmint. Billy hits all kinds of pitching, but unlike Ted Williams who once declared, "Pitchers as a breed are dumb and hardheaded," Billy respects most mound opponents.

"Pitchers will surprise you. Some guys will throw you the same pitch that you hit out the last time up. But you can't depend on it, you can't be

looking for a certain pitch. You have to be aggressive. You gotta see the ball and go out and get it. For that matter I'm always changing. Some days I'll be hitting breaking stuff, other times fastballs."

And, once in a while, no matter what the pitches, Williams whomps them all.

"Last year we're playing in San Diego. I'd hit everything they threw for two games. Don Zimmer (the Padre manager) goes out to talk to Eduardo Acosta and they're laughing and shaking their heads. Well, Acosta winds up and just lobs the ball. Like he's playing streetball. So I see this blooper coming up there and I swing and miss it by a foot! Acosta throws six pitches just like it. And me, I just know one of them is going to a fastball and he's going to get it by me. Well, I struck out and everybody on our bench breaks up!"

Certain pitchers—and certain pitches—are tougher than others.

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"The slider, now, that's the biggest winning pitch to come along in years. A good one breaks at the last instant. You don't see it in time to adjust."

Ted Williams claims that he hit off the slider the last 12 years of his career; Billy says he just tries to see the ball as it comes to the plate. But like Ted, Billy often takes the first pitch.

"When I've got a hot bat I *always* take the first pitch. I'm confident that I'll see anything that comes up there."

"A good hitter is always a better two-strike hitter. He's freed his mind of out-thinking the pitcher. He's finally just seeing the ball."

Ted Williams was the last man to hit over .400 during a championship season. Billy Williams thinks there will never be another .400 hitter.

"Pitching staffs are better, pitching patterns are tougher to figure out, and the long glove has made the defense better."

That hasn't seemed to have hurt Williams much in the past few years. But a player who makes his living with his bat has to worry about any edge the defense has, especially when that player is in his mid-30s. Which leads to the question of what Williams will do once his life is no longer defined by batting statistics.

A glance around the room provides a clue to the direction of this thinking. Incongruously displayed between the TV stand and the well stocked bar is a striking portrait in felt-applique of Dr. Martin Luther King.

"Prisoner in Cook County Jail did it," Williams said. "Looks like a painting but it's really pieces of different colored felt cloth pieced together. Friend of mine was inside one day, saw it and got it for me. I'd been looking for something like it."

Asked why, Williams stared intently at the portrait.

"When anybody asks me these days what my philosophy of life is I say it's like his. Like King's. A non-violence way of getting people to get together."

For years Williams had sloughed off questions about his private, off-the-field attitudes and ambitions. Fishing

and hunting were his only outside interests, he'd say. But the superstar image often has an introspective affect on the maturing athlete.

"Lately I've been sitting down and thinking . . . about getting involved . . . about doing what I can to help. There's all these kids out there . . . in the streets . . . growing up wild . . . getting into drugs. Those things poison the neighborhood, the whole community. And I see these kids looking up to pro athletes. Lot of 'em think they know us 'cause they see us all the time on television and such . . . and their thinking they know me makes me sure I can talk to them."

In his mind's eye there is a new image: Billy Williams, social worker.

"I can see me in the middle . . . a guy over here in one gang, a guy over there in another gang . . . and I'm telling them all that there's more things in life than stealing and burning. . . . You got a chance if you communicate."

Williams may have a lot to learn about street life before he becomes a super social worker. But then, he is a good student—if what he has learned about the science of hitting a baseball is any indication. ■

DENNIS HULL: OUT OF BOBBY'S SHADOW

(Continued from page 62)

Comparisons between the elder and younger Hulls were inevitable—and Dennis, of course, suffered by the comparisons.

If his surname had been Smith or Jones, Dennis' rookie season with the Black Hawks would have been judged promising. He scored ten goals in 55 games in a six-team league. But Dennis' last name was Hull, and the fans were merciless. They booed Dennis at every opportunity. And in turn, Dennis began building up the resentment that he carries with him today.

It would have been easy for him to rely on his brother Bobby then. He could have turned to him for help, for consolation. He could have made Bobby the scapegoat. But he didn't. He was too proud.

"When you're young, you feel the pressure more," says long-time Black Hawk coach Billy Reay. "You let it get to you. There was a lot of pressure put on Dennis by the fans and when he was a kid he couldn't always cope with it. But he's always been a man unto himself, and he never relied

on Bobby in any way, shape or form."

There was also a lot of pressure put on Dennis by Billy Reay, but it was pressure of a different sort. Reay expressed confidence in Dennis' ability. He gave him ice time. It was pressure of the good kind—the pressure that an athlete needs in order to succeed. Pressure from someone he respects—a sign that someone has faith in him.

"I had known Dennis as a junior," Reay says. "I knew all about him. He had been at training camp the year before he came up for good, so he wasn't exactly a complete stranger. I always had liked his potential and I loved his shot, so I made up my mind to go with him."

"His coordination wasn't always the greatest out there on the ice, but I was confident that someday he would succeed."

"Billy stuck with me all the way, and that was good," Dennis says. "On other teams, all the guys were going up and down between the NHL and the minors, and that hurt them. And that could have happened to me. But it didn't and I've always appreciated

that."

But now Dennis has succeeded, and even if the Chicago fans don't appreciate his contribution, the owners of the Black Hawks do. The Wirtzes pay their players exorbitant salaries. (See Bobby Hull; Winnipeg, Canada.) Dennis Hull owns an ice rink called the Willow Ice Chalet in one of Chicago's western suburbs near his home, where he lives with his wife and two children. It operates 20 hours some days and is the site of the games for the largest high school hockey league in the Chicago metropolitan area. And he's going to open a similar rink in a ski resort area in nearby Wisconsin. The money keeps rolling in and rolling in.

But even money can't completely erase Dennis Hull's early feelings of resentment.

"You know," he says as he sits in front of his locker after a hard practice. "I meet a lot of people around here, people who say I'm the greatest thing on skates. And it's strange—with all the years people here put me down—all of these people swear *they* weren't the ones who booed me." ■

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JABE THOMAS: LAST OF A BREED

(Continued from page 36)

the days when stock car racing was still a frontier shoot-out. The machines were "ordinary street cars hopped up as much as you could get 'em," and Jabe's first one had no roll bar. He won a lot of races over the next 15 years, but they were all on small local tracks in the "modified" and "sportsman" division that didn't pay much money.

Hankering to go onto NASCAR's Grand National circuit, Thomas worked and saved and then went in with Don Robertson. They are as compatible as two grown men can be with each other, each in racing for the same reason and each enjoying a loose good time, and there has never been a strained moment between them. Jabe joined the Grand Nationals in 1965 and has at least broken even financially every year except for 1972, when he blew two engines within nine days.

Sitting in the cab of the truck with nothing to do but wait for the race an hour-and-a-half away, Jabe was jotting down figures on the back of a promotional picture postcard of him put out by Racing Pictorial, a company in Indianapolis. "See here," he was saying, "our expenses at Daytona came to \$2350 and we didn't win but \$1970 all told. A man's not racing for the dollar he makes. If he did, it'd come out to 50 or 75 cents an hour." It is possible for an independent to win in NASCAR these days? "If I ran the race like I run to qualify I'd take the lead on the first caution flag, but I can't afford to run like that. If I blow an engine or tear up the car, I'm out of racing. If a fellow with big backing does that, he just gets another car given to him." Ever since the factories pulled back on their support four years ago and more independents got into the act, racing hasn't been as much fun. "Everybody's tense now. It's become a business now. Why shoot, I can't even kid 'em like I used to do. They're panicky and tight, worrying about having to pay their bills."

Wandering toward the pit area for the ritualistic pre-race drivers meeting, he rambled on as though he preferred to joke and tell stories more than drive in a race that day. One of his brothers, he said, had gone on to become a college professor. One year, Jabe's Gulf was the No. 1 Gulf station in the district. To pick up a little

spending money, he goes into the hills in search of a medicinal root called ginseng, washes and cleans and dries it, and ships it to Greensboro, North Carolina, for \$50 a pound. "Back home," he was saying, "They read in the papers how much I won in a race and they figure I'm rich." He once spent \$700 of his own money going to Nashville for a recording session and a shot on Hee-Haw, neither of which ever materialized. Right now, he said, checking, he had a grand total of \$2.63 in cash to his name.

"Well, Jabe Thomas, ain't you speaking?" It was a gaggle of middle-aged women in bouffant hairdos and tight toreador pants, holding clipboards and sitting on the back of a truck.

"Well, hey there, ladies. How y'all?"

"We're gonna be scoring for you, Jabe Thomas."

"Better look close, 'cause I'm gonna be motivating."

"When you be on Hee-Haw, Jabe? I been taking off work every week to see it."

"Well, now, we still trying to get all that worked out with my agent up in N.Y.C."

"Get out of here, Jabe Thomas."

At the drivers meeting a somber NASCAR official went over the rules they had heard a thousand times as Jabe tried to enliven it: "Hey that ain't fair, no passing the pace car. That's the only thing out here I can pass." Each driver was introduced to the crowd of nearly 20,000, Jabe being roundly cheered and Petty—the closest thing in racing to the New York Yankees of the 1950s—being hooted by at least half of them. The crowd was given a breakdown of the makes of cars entered ("We've got 13 Chevys . . .") and they cheered the cars, too. Finally, with the crowd on its feet under a crisp blue Virginia sky, the engines were cranked and off they flew on their 250-mile journey. The last car in the lineup of 30 was No. 25, Jabe Thomas' Dodge that was passed on to him by Richard Petty.

It was a classic Jabe Thomas race. On the second lap he moved up to 28th when two cars tangled and went out for the day. The "hotdogs" inevitably burned out, and inexorably on came Jabe as if he were on a Sunday drive: Nursing the engine, avoiding the wrecks, pitting only when necessary, saving the machinery. Down in Petty's pit, there were 13 crew mem-

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MIDNIGHT COWBOYS

(Continued from page 71)
rides in all go-rounds.

Dog—To wrestle a steer to the ground. Also an ugly girl.

"The thing you have to remember is that rodeo cowboys have a wild reputation." Joe, the old gal from Fort Worth, was talking. We were driving to an afternoon performance. "Many rodeo cowboys never settle down. They're drifters. Sort of like motorcycle types . . . you know, bikers. Settled people don't want their sons to be cowboys or their daughters to date 'em."

We had gotten a late start so I turned on the car radio and listened to the first day's event, bareback bronc riding. The color man was eating up dead airtime while the play-by-play man waited for the next cowboy to get aboard. "All you folks that haven't been out here to the Stock Show grounds better get out here and see these exhibits. I was over to the Poultry Exhibit yesterday and I wanna tell you they got some big chickens out there. I mean it, they got some big chickens out there."

"Chickens as big as turkeys," the play-by-play man broke in. "Wouldn't you say?"

"Yessir, big chickens all right. Now back to the action."

"Okay, and out of chute No. 6 comes Rusty Riddle on El Capitan. The big horse jumps high in front of the chute, then takes off and . . . (loud crowd noise with band playing *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious* faintly in the background) . . . and . . . oh . . . oh . . . OOOHH!!! Lookit that . . . WOW...."

I broke in over the radio. "I think it's incredible, the pressure that cowboys live with. They ain't facing Bubba Smith out there, you know. It's the Big One. The old Grim Reaper himself. Can you imagine the mental toughness necessary to face death five and ten times a week?" I looked over at Joe.

"You just have a deep-seated fear of horses," she replied.

"Some were dead, like George Paul, who had flown into a mountaintop in Wyoming; like Billy Ringier, who had gotten his head caught between a bull and a concrete wall; like Lawton Tyker, who had hemorrhaged to death with his chest crushed in. Some had been hurt so

bad they couldn't keep on. Some were in the hospital or recuperating. Some had just flat run out of a way to make a living riding bulls and broncs. Some had quit because they could no longer face performance day."

—*The Brave Men* by Giles Tippette (Macmillan, 1972)

On Monday night I went to the evening performance alone. I entered through the contestants' gate, dodging mounted cowboys and marveling at the depth of my fear of horses. Outside the arena in front of the RCA office checking the go-round list, was 52-year-old bullrider Freckles Brown.

When Freckles Brown was 41 years old, he won the bullriding championship; he suffered a broken neck in the process. Since then, he has consistently placed in or near the top ten bullriders. Freckles missed last year's NFR by \$900. In 1972, five-foot-eight, 158-pound Freckles Brown earned over \$8000 riding bulls. The Grand Old Man of rodeo entered his first competition in 1937. Thirty years later, at the age of 47, he provided the high point of the 1967 NFR by giving the legendary bull Tornado his first ride in seven years. He went on to win the finals average. This ageless athlete has a 28-year-old daughter and ranches near Soper, Oklahoma. He believes, "Rodeo is on the way up."

I said hello to Freckles and pushed on into the coliseum.

Inside, I stopped at the beer stand and ordered a Pearl. A red-eyed, crater-faced young fella in a new American Hat with an RCA crease, sidled up next to me.

"You wouldn't buy me a beer, would you?" His breath smelled like the arena floor. He kept glancing from me to another younger-looking fella who was leaning noticeably.

"Yeah, sure I'll buy you a beer."

"My buddy, too?" He indicated the leaner with red hair and fresh acne.

"Sure."

His buddy broke into a big smile, came over and began slapping me on the back.

"Gimme a Pearl," he ordered, still slapping my back. "Thanks a lot. You know I ain't got nothing against long hair. I like hippies. No kidding. You ain't no hippy, though, are you?"

"It depends on what you mean by . . ."

bers and a crew chief with a headset in radio communication with Petty, but down at Jabe's there were Don and Stinky. On the 251st lap, Jabe came in and found there was clutch trouble ("He'll just drive as long as he can, I guess," said Robertson), and after 267 laps the field was down to 21 cars. When it was all over, more than three-and-a-half hours from the start, Petty had won and Jabe had finished 13th to take \$495 to go along with the \$250 he had gotten for qualifying. It meant a few dollars profit for Jabe.

Even so, nobody signed as many autographs after the race as Jabe Thomas. A black couple came by, a rarity at a Southern stock car race, and shoved their shy little girl up to shake hands with him. A wild-eyed young fellow who claimed he once raced against Jabe kept hanging around, jabbering. A little girl told how she had pasted up a poster in school with the names of her two favorites on it: Petty and Jabe. "I couldn't make it turn over at 5000 and had to baby it all day," Jabe told one fan, "but I finished."

His fans, who seem to understand perfectly Jabe Thomas' motivations in racing, nodded knowingly. "Hey Jabe," some old boy cracked from the pits, "how much did Petty pay you to throw this race?" Jabe grinned and then, with an earnest face, said, "You wouldn't believe how much it was if I told you."

Streaked with grease and sweat, then, the three men strained to lift a spare engine onto their truck to take back home and put in the car for the next Sunday's race. The crowd was gone now, as were many of the drivers and mechanics, and only an echo rang through the deserted track as a reminder of the hours of roaring and cheering and gnashing of metal on metal. Scraps of paper were picked up and whirled about by the scattered wisps of wind.

Bobby Allison and his crew were headed back out to the airport to get on a jet and order up some cocktails and ogle the stewardesses on the whistling flight back through Atlanta to Birmingham, but Jabe Thomas and Don Robertson and Stinky had the long haul back into the mountains ahead of them. "Y'all come see us, now, if you get up our way," Jabe called as they loaded up the truck to go. They would shower when they got home. ■

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in 7 days I lost 4½ inches off my waist - 16 pounds of ugly fat - and shaped up!

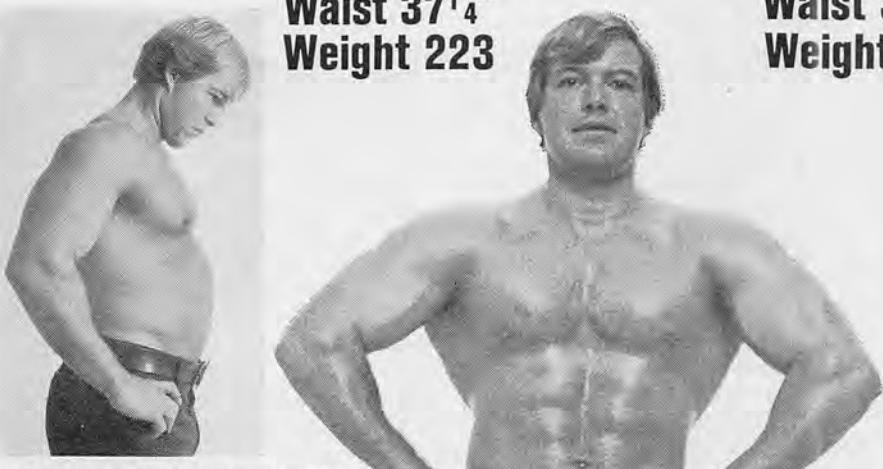
says Charlie Fautz

"I did it with one 5-minute exercise, twice daily lying on my back—without dieting!"

PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED

• AUTHENTIC

Oct. 18—Before
Waist $37\frac{1}{4}$ "
Weight 223



RESULTS! NOT EMPTY PROMISES!

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HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

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Michael Benedict, age 55: "I lost 32 pounds and 6 inches off my waistline in 21 days". Ken Waller, age 26: "I lost 6 pounds and 3 inches off my waistline in 5 days". Bill Russel, age 38: "I lost 10 pounds and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches off my waistline in 10 days". Jim Hanley, age 37: "I lost $11\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches off my waistline in 14 days".

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. The Chairman of the AMA Committee on Fitness, Dr. Kenneth Rose, agrees. In a nationwide report, he states simply, "YOU HAVE TO WORK OFF THE INCHES".

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IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec

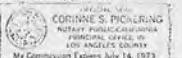
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Waist $32\frac{3}{4}$ " (lost $4\frac{1}{2}$ ")
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WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5-MINUTE BODY SHAPER" plan is based on doing ONE-CONTINUOUS-RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE MOVEMENT! That's all you do! This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the waistline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast—while reshaping your entire body—arms, shoulders, chest, waist and legs!

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DISCOVER A NEW JOY IN YOUR BODY—GIVE IT SEX APPEAL—\$9.95
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The beers arrived and the two good old boys quickly turned from me to gulp them down.

"You boys cowboys?"

"Yep," answered the red-haired one. "Junior Rodeo. I'm gonna join the RCA when I graduate. I got one brother in the RCA and another who races motorsickles. No kiddin' man, I really like that hair but my daddy won't let me grow it long. Hey!" He noticed my press badge. "You with the papers? Who you writin' about?"

"Walt Garrison. What do you think of him as a bulldogger?"

"No damn good. Come to the R. L. Turner High School Rodeo next week and see me ride. Listen man, no kiddin' man, we gotta go see the saddle bronc ridin' but next time I see ya' I'll buy you a beer."

They disappeared into the crowd. I never saw them again.

I decided to watch the saddle bronc riding, too. I made it into the arena in time to watch a clown and his black and white border collie herd three ducks into a burlap bag. I could picture the radio color man describing the action. "There goes one off to the right of Bozo and down the arena . . . (crowd noise). . . . Look out Bozo . . . oh . . . oh OOOHH . . . WOW!"

"I like to move . . . airports, cars, airplanes. I like the excitement of moving. I can't sit in front of a television set drinking beer and getting fat. That's for another generation."

—Larry Mahan, World's Champion All-Around Cowboy, 1966-1970

"When I'm getting ready to ride, I can feel myself changing into an animal. A normal human might stop at some point but I go on. I've got the risks and the fear of getting killed all taken care of when I sit down on that bull; all I worry about is making a good ride. . . ."

—Larry Mahan, 1967 World Champion Bull Rider

Larry Mahan has won five consecutive All-Around Cowboy World Championships, competing and winning money in bull, bareback, and saddle bronc riding. In 1972, a torn muscle kept him from a possible sixth consecutive world title. He still finished that year in the top 15 money-winners in his three events. Mahan is a dedicated athlete who believes strongly in mental preparation and

toughness as the way to success. He has written about his approach to rodeo in his book *Fundamentals of Rodeo Riding—The Mental and Physical Approach to Success*:

"With the combination of a positive mental outlook and the ability to try, try, try, both built on top of a solid foundation of the fundamentals of riding, there is not much that can stop you."

I think the statement exemplifies the spirit that drives many rodeo cowboys. The will to succeed. Better to die trying than to die not having tried at all.

Larry Mahan is 29 years old and is battered beyond belief. In July of last year, a horse in Cheyenne tore his right bicep muscle in half; only artistic surgery by the Dallas Cowboys' team doctor returned him to action for the National Finals Rodeo in December. But, even then it was too late to give him a chance for the All-Around Cowboy title. He finished sixth in the bullriding at the NFR and almost killed himself doing that. On his tenth and final ride at the NFR, he was aboard a bull called No. 20. He described the ride to me later in Fort Worth:

"When the bull came out of the chute he twisted and I slid to one side. I made a little move and got back straight up and then he spun and I remember getting ready to make another move. . . . Then the next thing I remember is bein' on the ground crawling on all fours with something tugging on my arm . . . it was my rope. The bull had cooled me . . . smacked me in the head with a horn while I was still bouncing on his back."

Married and living in Dallas with his two children, Mahan is trying to stay together for at least one more full shot at the All-Around Title. If he gets it, he will be the only rodeo cowboy to win six All-Around Championships. Although he is always cordial and cheerful, his eyes show the strain of his whirlwind chase after that gold belt buckle. Since Fort Worth, he has taken the lead in the All-Around standings by \$66 over Doug Brown of Silverton, Oregon. In order to compile the necessary cash winnings, Larry had to ride in Fort Worth on Thursday night, catch a plane for Scottsdale, Arizona, Friday morning, ride in Scottsdale Friday night and again Sunday morning, and then return to Fort Worth to ride

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A Long History of Physical Weakness Problems

Charlie's trouble started early. All his life he had been frail and sick—by the time he was 10 he had developed asthma, and at 16 his left lung had collapsed. Yet these were only hints of problems that would follow, for during the next three years his left lung collapsed five more times and his right lung collapsed twice—he had cystic emphysema complicated by tuberculosis. This, combined with his sickly appearance, was too much for Charlie's battered ego, and by the time he was 25 he was a bona-fide alcoholic with severe cirrhosis of the liver.

Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

For a full year, psychiatrists bolstered Charlie's psyche, but when he was released, emphysema hit again and his right lung collapsed once more. Was his life really doomed?

Into the hospital again. Surgery curtailed the collapsing of his lungs and removed the diseased portions, and when he was released he found new determination to rebuild his body. But that meant gaining weight—and Charlie, who had to continue taking amphetamines which killed his appetite, began to rely almost entirely on food supplements.

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Sunday night.

Moving is a type of freedom, and Mahan, like all cowboys, is exhilarated by it. He has his own twin-engine plane and he flies it like he rides bulls. Although he has won over \$300,000 as a rodeo cowboy, the nomadic life that he loves is an expensive existence. Forty to 50 percent of his earnings go in traveling expenses. (Recent repairs on his plane alone ran around \$3000.)

"You gotta be among the top four or five money winners to travel with any style," he told me, as he sat in the trunk of his Eldorado Cadillac and strapped on his tie dyed chaps. "Otherwise it's four and five guys to a motel room and livin' on one stale hot dog a day. It can be a tough life."

Private plane, Eldorado Cadillac



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and house in north Dallas included, Larry Mahan doesn't have an easy life.

"The stock show midway quivers on its launching pad. Come tomorrow when the school kids descend on the ground, it will really blast off."

"One of the side shows will star Siamese Twins Ronnie and Donnie Galyon of Fort Myers, Florida. They were pictured in an Arizona newspaper last October, showing them with crewcuts and horn-rimmed glasses and eating spaghetti served to them by a four-foot-tall lady with an Italian name."

"It was their 21st birthday."

"Joined at the abdomen, the twins can sit in the same chair, walk sideways and they play ball. Their father defends putting them on exhibit saying, 'They'd be on exhibit anyway. This way they're self supporting.'

—The Fort Worth Press, January 26, 1973

Ah, the spectacle. In the same paper was an advertisement inviting one and all to come see "former movie and TV star Lash Larue, now a fundamentalist preacher using his bullwhip for his Lord."

"I ain't set down on my ass but

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twice at this rodeo and I had a steer in my hand both times."

—Bob Newsome, bulldogger

Walt Garrison is a cowboy; not just a fake old Dallas Cowboy, but a real honest-to-God horny-handed cowboy. Walt rides bulls, ropes calves and wrestles steers to the ground. He is not a man to take lightly; then, most cowboys aren't.

When Walt joined the fake old Dallas Cowboys in 1966, they made him give up being a real cowboy; he still used his bonus money to buy a two-horse trailer. He towed it behind his new pickup. Walt chews tobacco, takes snuff, whistles, wears plaid shirts, and his levi cuffs scrape the ground behind the heel of his ostrich skin cowboy boots.

This year Walt decided (against the urgencies of the fake old Dallas Cowboys) to go on the pro rodeo circuit. In Fort Worth, he entered the bulldogging. He paid his \$100 entry fee for a chance at two steers and a free head if he made the finals. I didn't see his first go-round on opening night. It was just as well, he missed the steer completely and just bounced off the arena floor. I've seen Walt bounce off the ground before. The next night, Walt was up again and I was there to see him. He posted a respectable seven seconds but the leading time was an incredible 3.9 seconds and 4.4 was a three-way tie for sixth. I met Walt after his second go. On his cheek was a fresh scar, nasty and impressive. I asked him about it, but he just shrugged and suggested we have a beer.

Rodeoing with Walt was Bill Robinson, a 28-year-old bulldogger and James Durham (nicknamed Bull). James supplied the dogging horses for Bill and Walt and served double-duty as their hazer. James had been rodeoing since 1947.

"Doggin' horses are hard to come by," James Durham was telling me

PHOTO CREDITS

Dan Bialiotti—52, 65. Paul Bereswill—53. Martin Blumenthal—28, 68, 69 (bottom), 70 (left and right). Barry Bregman—48 (center), 50. Bruce Curtis—73 (left). Ty Dukes—74. Malcolm Emmons—44, 76. Kevin Fitzgerald—55, 60 (2), 61 (left). Peter Gent—69 (top). Aliz Jeffrey—9. Jeff Nachbar—61 (right). Richard Raphael—73 (right). Rodeo Cowboys Association—70 (center), 71 (bottom). Carl Skalak—75. Barry Tenin—31, 36. UPI—12 (2), 26, 46, 48 (left), 88. Wide World—20, 23, 24, 38, 48 (right), 58, 62, 71 (top).

while Walt ordered beers. "They have to back into the chute and just sit there. But, it's like they say: 'Every man has one good horse and one good dog in his life.' I got me a good old doggin' horse. Doggin' horses is a good excuse to rodeo."

Anybody that wins on James' horse pays him one-fourth of the winnings.

I asked Walt and Bill Robinson to pose for pictures. True to the cowboys' natural modesty, both agreed reluctantly and then almost backed out when the photographer led us on a lengthy trek out through the barns looking for the right light and setting. Finally he posed Walt, Bill and a third cowboy named Kelly Riley next to a horse stall while he crawled around on the ground looking for the right angle. When he was finally satisfied, the photographer was laying on the ground shooting up at the three cowpokes.

"Everything all right," Walt asked the sweating photographer.

"Yep, perfect."

"Angle jest right?" Walt asked smiling. "The light okay?"

"Perfect. Just fine." The photographer slid over slightly on his back.

"Well, that's good," Walt said with deliberate slowness, "'cause you're laying in horse manure."

Garrison, Robinson and Durham finished out of the money in Fort Worth. The next week, they would head down the road for San Antonio to do it all over again. They couldn't wait to get going. Walt seemed to enjoy rodeo as much or more than football. He was sure doing it for less money. Bill Robinson, the son of a master plumber, wasn't getting rich rodeoing but he planned to give it the full shot and hit between 50 and 60 rodeos this year. He wants to make his living as a cowboy. There's no guarantee he'll make a dime. James (Bull) Durham from Blue-ridge, Texas, has been rodeoing for 26 years and has seen rapid transportation and motels change the nature of "going down the road," but his enthusiasm seems untouched. Next week in San Antonio, they would join Freckles Brown, Larry Mahan, Phil Lyne, Ernie Taylor and hundreds of others. It would be something to see. When I said goodbye to Walt in Fort Worth, it was reluctantly; I wanted to go on to San Antonio, too.

"If this ain't livin', I quit."

Roy Burk, calf roper ■



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Johnny Lee

"John"

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11- 1	31- 9	51- 9
12-25	32-26	52-27
13-14	33- 5	53-18
14-30	34-31	54-32
15-10	35-38	55- 8
16-28	36-14	56-34
21-30	41-24	61-24
22- 6	42-13	62-36
23-13	43-29	63-31
24-12	44- 7	64-13
25- 8	45-14	65-35
26-30	46-13	66- 1

Above is a reduced-size replica of the Johnny Bench player card, one of 480 such cards in the current edition of APBA Baseball (more are available). Used in conjunction with the exclusive APBA play result boards, this card will produce a record so similar to Bench's actual 1972 performance that you will be literally astonished. So it will be with every single player in the game.

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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

A FEW MODEST PROPOSALS

Right as this issue of SPORT emerges, the professional basketball season is approaching its championship climax, the professional hockey season is doing the same, the professional baseball season is reaching the point where curveballs are separating the boys from the hitters and, in three months, the professional football camps will open.

Do you realize what this means?

This means that, by the end of May, basketball and hockey will have closed shop for the season, football will not have started and, of the four major glamor spectator sports, only baseball will be in full-scale operation. (Golf, tennis, archery, hunting, fishing, bowling and gin rummy will be going strong, too, but that's little consolation to the people who consider cheering the only civilized form of exercise.)

Obviously, for the real spectator, June is the cruellest month, the only month of the year when one of the big four sports has the arena all to itself.

We think this is unfair, and to solve the problem, we'd like to offer a few modest proposals. The first is that all the professional seasons should be lengthened. The NBA season, for instance, should be stretched from 82 to, say, 100 games, thereby prolonging the fun in eight cities and the agony in nine others; that way, the basketball players in the playoffs won't have to worry about what to do in June. (Of course, it's hot in June, but all the arenas are air-conditioned.) The NHL season should be increased from 78 to 90 games, again helping to fill that disastrous June gap. And there's no good reason why the baseball players can't survive through 200 games a year, the football players through 20.

Some people will argue that a longer season in all these sports might be tedious, especially since many of the teams will be eliminated from playoff consideration very early in the season. (To support this argument, people point to the 1972-73 NBA season, in which the two playoff teams in each division were determined a few minutes after the first center jump of the year.)

This is a reasonable argument, but one that we feel can be easily overcome—simply by adopting another of our proposals: In all sports, allow more teams into the playoffs.

Take the ABA, for instance. Right now, of the ten teams in the league, only eight qualify for the playoffs. This is obviously discriminatory; the two teams that are left out aren't that much worse than the qualifying teams. The logical solution, taking ABA logic to its extreme, is that all ten teams should be allowed into the playoffs. (Then the playoffs could be held as sort of a round-robin, the team with the highest winning percentage then being crowned champion—of the playoffs.)

As a fringe benefit of our suggestions, players' salaries, naturally, will have to be raised to a decent level. It's frightening to realize that, at a time when instant rock groups can earn millions of dollars, there is not a single professional athlete who is earning as much as a million dollars for a season. (Sure, some of them make more than a million in a year, including commercials, movies and other incidentals, but that doesn't really count.) The average salary on the New York Knickerbockers, for instance is \$200,000 a man, but there are several players who don't earn that much. They have to survive, too.

While we're at it, we might as well offer some of our other proposals:

More timeouts for commercials during televised games. There is nothing like breaks in the action to highlight the action.

Shorter basketball referees. As they now stand—which is about six-feet-high at the most—they can still see and call most of the fouls that take place. All this whistle-blowing slows up the game. Five-foot-four refs would eliminate the problem.

More emphasis placed upon the field goal in football, perhaps making each one worth six points. As it is now, each team plays its least imaginative football inside the opponent's 20-yard line. A six-point field goal would eliminate most of the need for getting inside the 20-yard line.

More time allowed between pitches in baseball, thereby allowing the dedicated fan more time to decide in his own mind, if he were the pitcher, exactly what he would throw to the batter.

Finally, more sportswriters who offer expert analysis on games they never played well.



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